MIDDLES," First Prize, £300; 1,702 other Prizes

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No. 1181.] REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION TO CANADA. WEEK ENDING MARCH 1, 1913. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

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Weekly Dispatch, February 9th, 1913.

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ART.—Can you sketch? If so you can make money by it. Stamp for booklet.—T. Howard, 11 Red Lion Square, W.C.

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BOON TO WEAK MEN.—Nervous and Physical Weaknesses, Lack of Vigour, Varicocele, and Allied Troubles. Treatise, with full particulars, including hundreds of testimonials of complete cures, sent sealed, post free, two stamps.—P. J. Murray, 125 High Holborn, London, W.C.

BABY CARS FROM FACTORY, on approv., carriage paid. No shop profits. Cash or easy payments. Write for lovely Catalogue, post free, and save money. —Godiva Carriage Co., Dept. 48, Coventry.

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PEACH'S LACE CURTAINS.—Send for "Home Decorations," 1913 Edition, post free. Improved Patent Hem Curtains. Casement Fabrics, Muslins. S. Peach & Sons, 142 The Looms, Nottingham.

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PEARSON'S WEEKLY.
TO INTEREST TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

HOW THE £250 FOOTBALL PRIZE WAS WON.
(See page 897.)

No. 1181. TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING MARCH 1, 1913. ONE PENNY.

Death Traps in the Arctic

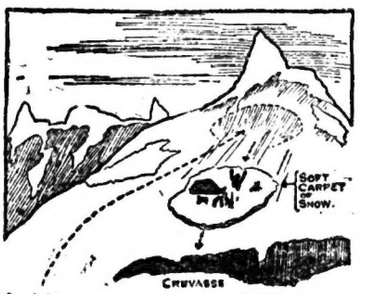
Some of the Terrible Dangers that Explorers Have to Face.

No class of pioneer runs greater risks than the Arctic or Antarctic explorer. The path to the Poles abounds with death-traps cunningly set by Nature, ever ready to envelope the intrepid traveller, just as Captain Scott and his comrades were overwhelmed by an Antarctic blizzard. One of the greatest and ever-present dangers that beset the Arctic traveller is that of drifting ice floes. Polar currents and the pressure of the waves, pack and pile these huge masses of ice upon one another until they will tower twenty or thirty feet above the water.

In Arctic storms huge masses of ice are thrown together like corks on the surface of the water. They crush to matchwood any unfortunate vessel that should come between them.

Through these dangerous obstacles the explorer's vessel has to push its way week after week, trusting to Providence and skilful navigation to make its way unscathed. But there is little hope for the vessel and its crew should one of those furious tempests arise, for which the Arctic seas are noted. Then these massive ice-blocks are thrown against each other until they are crushed into dust, whilst waves rise like towers and break over the floes in huge greenish waterfalls. Sooner or later the frail vessel is swamped by the mountainous waves or, as shown in the first illustration, the vessel comes between two floes of ice at the moment they strike together. The jagged, knife-like edges of the bergs splinter the hull like matchwood, and the craft, with its human freight, is crushed.

Drifting snow forms bridge-like layers over deep fissures in the ground which provide no support for sledge or man. The pioneer who steps on to one of these traps is hurled through the soft snow into the ravine below.



Newly fallen snow often causes Arctic disasters. It does not freeze to the glassy surface of the ice peak, but forms a moving carpet which envelopes traveller, dogs, and sledge, and carries them to their death.

In the final dash, when the exploration party leaves the expedition vessel to cross the fields of ice and snow with sledge and pony, there are many treacherous traps of Nature to avoid. There is, for instance, the deadly crevasse, which has claimed innumerable victims in the history of Polar exploration. These crevasses are formed by swollen mountain streams and torrents cutting gullies deep into the ground. Over the tops of these fissures wind-driven snow slowly collects until bridge-like layers are formed. In appearance they do not differ from the solid snow-covered ground, and it is here that their danger lies. The explorer, with his heavily laden sledge, drives across these deceptive carpets of snow, and, as the second illustration depicts, the ground gives beneath their weight, and the party is precipitated into the torrent hundreds of feet below.

A nerve-trying ordeal for an Arctic explorer is passing through an ice valley. On each side tower cliffs of massive ice, portions of which, every few minutes, come crashing from above on to the traveller's path.

Another very prevalent cause of Antarctic disasters is shown in the third illustration. A sledge party are endeavouring to surmount a mountainous ice peak freshly covered with snow. The new snow has not had time to freeze to the icy surface underneath, and here lies a serious danger. If disturbed to any great extent, this new covering glides in a mass down the mountain side, carrying in its flight the hapless explorers, who, in their helplessness, are probably precipitated down a crevasse or carried over some icy precipice.

Hanging cornices of ice and snow, which break away without any warning, are formed at the top of ice peaks by drifting snow. It is certain death to the traveller who unwittingly travels on to one of these unsupported masses.

These masses of moving snow can quite comfortably swallow up sledges, dogs, and passengers.

A nerve-trying ordeal through which explorers often have to go is making their way through ice-covered fjords. These are narrow paths, bounded on each side by towering walls of jagged ice. Every few minutes a mass of this glittering crystal crashes downwards on to the narrow path. It is impossible to tell when and where these masses of ice will fall, and the travellers have to take the risk of being crushed by one of these small avalanches. The Eskimos, who are an exceedingly superstitious race, genuinely believe that these falls in the ice-valleys are governed by some special Providence. They travel through them in deadly fear of being crushed from above or their sledges pierced by masses of ice in some miraculous manner darting up from below.

The last illustration shows another of Nature's death-traps against which Arctic travellers have to guard. Drifting snow is carried along and over the edge of an ice crag or precipice, where it freezes into apparently solid earth. In reality it is merely a deceptive cornice, quite unable to bear the strain of sledge or man. The explorer, endeavouring to surmount an ice mountain, at the top of which these cornices are generally to be found, unthinkingly travels on to one of these overhanging masses, not noticing that it ends abruptly in space. The unsupported snow collapses under his weight, and the unfortunate traveller is hurled to his death on the jagged ice-rocks hundreds of feet below.

YOU NEED YOUR NECK-HAIRS.

THE American haircut is the latest cut for the hair, and if you are not careful your barber will cut yours this way. This is all very well, and may look nice, but don't allow him to do it.

By having your neck shaved clean, do you realise that you are creating boils and carbuncles? The most important muscles of your neck are protected by the long, fine hairs. The neck is constantly coming into contact with germ carrying materials, for instance, overcoat collars, sweaters and laundered collars, together with other things. Some protection is necessary, and it is for this reason that the fine layers of hairs down the back of the neck should not be shaved off. They prevent all germs that are always to be found on the mentioned articles from entering the skin.

"PAPA," queried little Lola, who was examining a piece of silver ore, "how do they get the silver out of this rock?"

"They smelt it, dear," was the reply.

"Well, I don't understand it at all," said Lola a moment later. "I smelt it, too, but none of the silver came out."

A PERSISTENT ringing at the doorbell brought the sleepy physician down to his door in a hurry.

"Well, what do you want?" he demanded, as a dilapidated tramp walked in and planted himself in a chair.

"Treatment, doctor, and I ain't got a penny," was the announcement.

"Well, let's get it over; I want to get back to bed. What's the trouble with you?"

"Snake bite, doctor, and the antidote is whisky."

HOW WE GOT PUBLIC-HOUSES.

THE modern public-house owes its origin to the time of the Roman Conquest, for with the opening of the country by the Romans little inns and such-like places were constructed for the convenience of travellers.

As time went on the selling of liquor became so lucrative that tavern-keepers began to vie with one another as to the means of attracting the thirsty; and in order that no public-house should be passed by unheeded a pole with a furze-bush on the end was erected over the door of every tavern.

But at length these became such a nuisance that a law was enforced forbidding the use of poles which projected further than seven feet over the King's highway, and this was the incident which gave rise to the proverb that "good wine needs no bush."

Very few of the old taverns are in existence today. The "Seven Stars," of Manchester, claims to being the oldest public-house in Great Britain, and it has had a license for over 550 years.

Postal Orders, Watches, Electric Hand-lamps, Dolls, Paint Sets, and Blue Bird Brooches offered in this week's footlines.

Pincher's Progress

THE CHRONICLES OF A LONDON THIEF.

By C. MALCOLM HINCKS.

THE PATENT LIFEBELT.

"HAVE I ever told you about Bill Emmens an' the inventor, guv'nor?" asked Pincher suddenly.

"You have not," I said. "I always understood your friend was something of an inventor himself."

Pincher grinned.

"Oh, I mean a real proper inventor, not an amateur like Bill. Not that I'm sayin' that this chap was wot you might call a genius, but he hadn't got it so bad as to try an' make a flyin' machine out of a few banana crates an' a pair of perambulator wheels.

"How I came to have anythin' to do with it was like this: One evenin' I dropped into a pub up the West End where old Bill could often be found, an' there he was standin' at the bar with a sorter lost in thought expression on his face.

"'Did you see that chap wot's just gone out?' he says as I waited for him to ask me wot I was goin' to have. I told him I hadn't noticed anyone in particular, but if Bill's description of the man was correct I couldn't have helped noticin' him. I told Bill he had a wonderful gift of description an' ought to have been an author, an' with that he stood me a drink.

"'That chap,' said Bill very solemn, 'is a great inventor, but he's no fool with his money. If he had been I'd have touched him for five quid instead of ten shillin's. I'm goin' to be wot he calls a demonstrator. I'd hoped to demonstrate to him that he was too trustin', but as it is I shall have to go through with it. I shall have to wear his bloomin' lifebelt an' go into the swimmin' bath to-morrow night.'

"I told him that if he'd explain wot he was talkin' about I might be able to understand, an' after a lot of Bill's usual roundabout way of explainin' things wot it came to was this:

"Bill had got into conversation with the chap wot had just gone out who had proved to be a man wot had invented a wonderful lifebelt. Accordin' to Bill it was a wonderful thing, an' the inventor, before goin' any further with the patent or gettin' any of the rescuin' societies to take it up, wanted to make a sorter show an' attract attention to it from the start, so to speak. It seemed that on the next night at some baths up Holborn way a swimmin' club of well-to-do young chaps, law and medical students, an' so on, were goin' to have some races, an' the inventor had arranged to demonstrate his lifebelt. He said it was no use tryin' it with a man wot could swim, as it would prove nothin', so he wanted a man wot couldn't swim a stroke to jump into the deep end of the bath an' show wot a fine thing it was.

"Bill had said he couldn't swim a stroke, but he reckoned the risk of tryin' the new belt was worth ten quid, after a bit of argument he'd come down to five quid, an' the inventor had agreed to pay him that, much to Bill's surprise, for he'd expected to have to come down to a quid. Feelin' he'd got to deal with a mug, he'd asked for the money down, but the inventor had jibbed at that, explainin' that he did'not know him, an' the money would be paid after the show. In the end Bill had got ten bob on account, an' the promise of four pounds ten w'en he'd shown wot a fine thing the lifebelt was.

"'So to-morrow night,' says Bill, 'we'll go to the baths.'

"'Why me?' I asked, wonderin' why Bill wanted me to go an' see him make a fool of hisself, but Bill grinned an' explained that the swimmers would be watchin' his lifebelt act an' whilst they was watchin' that I could be watchin' their clothes in the little dressin' boxes set round the bath. He reckoned that I should make a good haul of watches an' loose cash with very little risk.

"Well, in the end I agreed to meet him outside the baths the next evenin' an' went home very thankful that it wasn't me that had to go into the water.

"Lor', guv'nor, it was parky the next day, an' I was a good mind not to go to the baths as I felt sure Bill would never turn up, but as I'd nothin' better to do an' there was a music hall handy if Bill wasn't up to time, I went, an' w'en I got there old Bill, lookin' like a bloomin' martyr, was waitin'.

"'I shall be glad to get into the water,' he says, with a forced sorter smile. 'I shall feel warmer there.'

"'I don't think,' I says. 'You're a hero, that's wot you are, Bill. I wouldn't go into cold water to-night, not even for a fiver.'

"Bill evidently didn't want to be a hero.

"'But it ain't cold in there,' he says, his teeth chatterin'. 'The water's always kept to a certain temperature.'

"'You wait till you get in,' I says. 'I've heard a lot about the certain temperature before, though I'll admit I've never had to break the ice. There was always a hole big enough to swim in.'

"Poor old Bill never could understand chaff, an' he spent a long time in comin' to an agreement with the gal wot sold the tickets that his sixpence should be returned if there was any ice on the water. He explained that he'd come to swim an' not to skate.

"The gal thought he was tryin' to chaff her an' she advised him to take a hot bath, which cost no more money, an' from wot she could see was likely to do him more good. Bill was very serious an' started to explain wot he had come to the baths to do w'en he suddenly saw wot the gal meant, an' if I hadn't been quick in gettin' him away from the window we should have been chucked out.

"Bill had got a swimmin' ticket, an' the attendant gave him a costume an' a couple of towels, but I'd only come as a watcher, so to speak, an' by rights ought to have gone up into the gallery, but bein' winter an' a slack time they weren't strict over the rule, so I went for a stroll round to spot the most likely lookin' boxes, whilst Bill waited for his inventor pal an' asked everyone of the score or so of young fellows in the bath if the water was really warm.

"Presently a long-haired cove came in with a parcel under his arm, an' I saw him talkin' to Bill an' two or three of the swimmers, an' then Bill went off very slowly to one of the little boxes to get ready for the show. Then a crowd gathered round the cove, who was explainin' his lifebelt, an' I seized the opportunity to slip into a box, collar a watch an' chain with a sovereign purse attached to it, which had a couple of quid in it, besides gettin' about ten bobs' worth of silver from the trouser pockets.

"Then old Bill, lookin' very pale an' uncomfortable, came out of his box, an' the inventor fixed the belt on him. I should have liked to have stopped an' watched, but I was too busy. I saw Bill with the belt on him standin' shiverin' on the edge up at the deep end, then one of the hefty young coves, gettin' impatient, gave him a push. Bill yelled, an' the next moment there was a terrific splash an' a lot of gurglin'.

"I'd no time to see wot happened. I knew there was a lot of shoutin' goin' on, an' in the excitement I made a splendid haul. Then just w'en I'd got about fifteen quids' worth of stuff an' was thinkin' I'd better quit, I came out of a dressin' box to see old Bill hauled out of the bath in a dead faint.

"'Wot's happened?' I says to a young cove as though I'd only just come in.

"'The usual thing with these patent lifebelts,' he says. 'It slipped out of position as soon as the man took the water, an' the poor beggar was overbalanced, his head goin' down an' his feet comin' up. We'd have got him out quick, but the fool kept kickin'. Nearly drowned a pal of mine, an' I reckon we've only just got him out in time. There's a doctor comin' now.'

"Well, guv'nor, I felt very sorry for old Bill, but

"The gal advised Bill to take a hot bath, which cost no more money, an' from wot she could see was likely to do him more good."

at any moment some chap might go to his box an' tumble to wot had happened, an' there was no sense in me stoppin' there, so just as an excited crowd got round Bill, who was laid out on the cold tiled floor, I slipped quietly out, had a drink an' a smoke, an' went off home, wonderin' if Bill would be round for his share of the swag that night. You see, we'd agreed that I should have half the fiver Bill was to get for his lifebelt act an' should divide wotever I managed to pick up.

"I waited up till nearly twelve, but he didn't turn up, an' I began to wonder whether he had been run in for assaultin' the inventor. I knew wot Bill was an' once he came round he'd be like a roarin' lion but the next mornin' Bill turned up lookin' like anythin' but a lion.

"'Wot a time I've had,' he says. 'Very near drowned I was—all for ten bob.'

"'Five quid!' I says.

"Bill glared at me.

"'I know wot I'm talkin' about,' he said. 'All I got for very near losin' my life an' makin' me feel mortal queer was ten bloomin' shillin's. That blanked inventor w'en he found his blanked belt was a fraud sneaked off without stoppin' to pay his just debt to me. If I could get hold of him I'd——'

"'Was there any trouble w'en the things were missed?' I asked, an' old Bill's face lit up a bit.

"'Trouble wasn't the word,' he said. 'The doctor had just got me round, an' I'd found that the long-haired blighter had bunked, w'en two young chaps discovered at the same moment that they'd been robbed. Then other chaps went to their boxes an' there was a reg'lar uproar.

"'Gents,' I says, 'it's that blanked inventor. A man wot would try an' drown a fellow creature an'

"One of the hefty young coves gave Bill a push. The next moment there was a yell an' a lot of gurglin'."

sneak off without payin' would be capable of anythin'.'

"'Well, after that they didn't take any notice of me. Might have died for all they cared, so I finished the brandy someone had sent out for, dressed an' went home. I'm sorry for your sake, Pincher, that you lose two pound ten.'

"'Don't you worry about me,' I says. 'I've done very well, an' of course I knock the two pound ten off your share. If I'd been caught you wouldn't have done half my sentence for me, an' little accidents will happen.'

"With that Bill took his share an' started to say what he thought of that inventor. He hadn't half finished w'en my landlady came in to lay the table for dinner.

(*Another of Pincher's Yarns shortly*.)

THE CAUSE OF HER FEAR.

A LITTLE girl remarked to her mamma on going to bed, "I am not afraid of the dark."

"No, of course not," replied her mamma.

"I was a little afraid once, when I went into the pantry to get a tart."

"What were you afraid of?"

"I was afraid I couldn't find the tarts."

Carry your "Pearson's" in your hand, And see what we will give you.

This is a very popular device for distributing gifts among the loyal readers of "P.W."

It is not a competition; there is no entrance fee. All you have to do is just simply to carry about with you—in the street, in the train, on a 'bus or tram—your usual copy of "Pearson's Weekly" and wait till you are spotted by one of the many representatives of "P.W.," who are all over the country.

Having seen you carrying a copy of the current issue of the paper, our representative will quietly hand you a postcard ready stamped, and addressed to the Editor of "P.W." London. On this postcard is a long list of gifts, and all you have to do is just to place a tick against the gift you prefer, write your name and address in the space provided, and drop the postcard in the nearest pillar-box.

A morning or so later, the gift you have selected will arrive at your address with the compliments of the Editor. Already hundreds of readers have received gifts in this manner, and a big list of winners appears on page 901. So

Carry your "Pearson's" in your hand, And see what we will give you.

Here's a competition for children! Age limit, 12 years. I want the picture on page 901 coloured—

Crusts for Crusoes

Sailors' Stores on Lonely Shores.

THAT all expeditions, whether Arctic or otherwise, place food depots within reach in case of need is, of course, well known, but few people are aware that there are certain rarely-visited islands and desolate coasts where depots of provisions and necessities have been placed for the use of shipwrecked crews. The most extensive supplies of this sort are those existing on some of the lonely islands in the South Indian Ocean. South of the liner track to Australia, *via* the Cape, lie Crozet and Kerguelen Islands.

In the Jubilee year of Queen Victoria, a French warship placed in a hut on one of the Crozets a good stock of food and necessities, including two spears and two hatchets. It is highly probable that the bulk, if not all of these stores, are still there, for the warship in question found the provisions left by a British warship eight years before absolutely intact.

The handbooks furnished to all British shipmasters indicate exactly the whereabouts of these cached stores. A sealhunter, who sought to find the depot on Kerguelen Island, wrote: "It was as easy as if we had had a sign-post."

The Kerguelen depot was fitted out by the French ship *Eure*, which, in 1893, left "2,250 pounds of preserved beef in boxes of 9 pounds, 1,125 pounds of biscuits, 20 swanskin shirts, 20 pairs of woollen drawers, 20 woollen blankets, and 4 packets of matches." Furthermore, great trouble was taken to protect the stores from the weather.

The beef boxes were coated with tar, as were the iron-hooped barrels containing the biscuits and clothes, and the matches were in boxes painted over with red lead.

Fourteen years afterwards Captain du Baty, who spent many months sealing on the island, examined the depot. Even though the goods had been buried beneath a cairn of stones, the casks had rotted away, and the clothing fell to pieces when opened out. The biscuits had been turned to sour pulp, and long, green strands of moss were growing on the barrels. The tinned beef was perfectly good, and was agreeable to the taste. He failed to find the matches, but left some of his own, together with needles and twine.

On Amsterdam Island, farther north, the Board of Trade's handbook notifies the fact that the French supplies are in a cavern where have also been left a cooking-pot, cots, and dry wood. On this island the stranded Crusoe will find, too, abundance of wild cabbage and celery growing, and lobsters and fish are plentiful.

On the west coast of Tasmania there are some very lonely districts. At Rocky Point shipwrecked mariners may find relief stores, and, in order to aid them to regain civilisation, tracks have been made for their benefit, with "iron index fingers every quarter-mile, pointing in the direction of the relief station." And, on a river where fording is necessary, a raft has been left in readiness.

Similar provision exists on some of the outlying islands of New Zealand, and these are visited by a Government steamer once or twice each year in case castaways are needing rescue. In Vancouver shelter-sheds are erected on some lonely shores, and thence the shipwrecked sailor can ring up a central station on the telephone.

Refugees in Tierra del Fuego learn from the same source above quoted that "they can trust the Yaghans to conduct them to mission stations or settlements"; but the "Alacalufs are aggressive and treacherous, though, however great their number, they will not attack a combination of three or four persons, especially if they are aware that these persons possess firearms or implements resembling them."

Is Ragtime Rot?

The Cantankerous Crank Says It Is.

RAG-TIME is all rot; at least, the words sung to most rag-time tunes are.

I have just spent an unpleasant half-hour going through a bundle of rag-time songs, which have, unfortunately, been introduced into my household in my absence, and I never read so much wretched piffle in all my days.

"Don't you ask me," as one of the ridiculous effusions says, "what it means," because I don't know; all I know is that there has been a bonfire in our back-garden, that there are now a number less rag-time songs in the world than there were, and that my wife is very annoyed with me. I am also annoyed—with rag-time.

What I chiefly objected to in the stuff is that I cannot understand half of it. Rag-time is apparently another name—or an excuse—for lyrical imbecility. The one thing I can understand about it is why there is such a lot of rag-time—it is so easy to write; all you have to do is to let sense go hang and stick in anything for a rhyme. It doesn't matter if there is no such word, so long as it rhymes it will do.

There is a song called "I want to be in Dixie." It was written by a man called Irving Berlin, who, I am told, makes about ten thousand a year out of rag-time. I do not know Mr. Berlin—he may be a most charming and inoffensive person in private life, but anyone who can write—as he has in this "Dixie" song—such words as the following has no business at large.

"I want to be, I want to be,
I want to be down home in Dixie,
Where the hens are dog-gone glad to lay
Scrambled eggs in the new-mown hay."

What on earth is "dog-gone?" It certainly isn't English and it doesn't appear to be sense. "Highly delighted," "very pleased indeed," "charmed beyond measure," "extremely overjoyed," if you like—but "dog-gone" is absurd.

The word is not in the dictionary, and if it means "gone" like a dog, or "mad," all I have to say is that it is neither funny nor clever. Besides, who ever heard of a mad hen? I never did—so that song took part in the bonfire.

Another absurdity which helped to keep it warm is called "The Gaby Glide." I got particularly annoyed with "The Gaby Glide." I tried to treat it quite fairly, but it was beyond me. Where is the sense in the following?—

"Everybody's raving 'bout the real Frenchy two-step,
Everybody wants to do this smart, fancy new step;
It's a funny bear, Paris on a tear,
Well, I do declare, it is classy!"

I can see a dim meaning in "It's a funny bear," but what on earth has "Paris on a tear" got to do with the rest of it? "Run through Leicester Square," or "Mind that broken chair," or anything like that would have done just as well, it seems to me.

There is a third aggravating ditty, "Waiting for the Robert E. Lee." The Robert E. Lee, apparently, is a ship. This is a further example of anything-for-rhyme, and blow grammar and sense. Look at this:—

"Watch them shufflin' along,
See them shufflin' along.
Go take your best gal, real pal,
Go down to the levee, I said to the levee,
And join that shufflin' throng,
Hear that music and song.
It's simply great, mate,
Waiting on the levee,
Waiting for the Robert E. Lee."

I most strongly object to "Go take your best gal, real pal," because it is so stupidly worded—you can't tell which, the best gal or the person being addressed, is the real pal, and whoever heard a riverside called a levee?

If this rag-time craze is allowed to go on, music-hall managers will have to provide their audiences with dictionaries.

But the worst bit of rag-time grammar I came across was this, in "Hitchy Koo":—

"Say, he does it just like no one could,
When he does it, say, he does it good."

"It" refers to a song, and I never heard of anyone doing a song good. The expression may be good rag-time and even good American, but it is not good English nor good sense, and it ought to be stopped.

So, in fact, should all rag-time. It's all rot and we've all had enough of it. I shall go to America if rag-time isn't soon forbidden here. There surely can't be any there, they must have exported all theirs.

You Kill Yourself on Tuesday

Probably Between Six in the Morning and Midday.

DON'T be afraid. This is not an article on the dismal subject of suicide; it is merely written to point out what events are most likely to happen on different days of the week.

The Chief Officer of the London County Council Tramways has just reported that most fatal accidents occur on Saturdays, while Friday is the safest day in the week.

A Frenchman has collected an enormous quantity of statistics about murder and suicide, and he finds that more murders are committed on Saturday than on any other day in the seven. He puts this down to the fact that wages are usually paid on Saturday, with the result that men get drunk and become violent.

On the other hand, there are many fewer suicides on Saturday than upon any other day in the week. If you take 100 as the average, the ratio for Saturday is only seventy, but this rises to ninety-six on Sunday.

For some unexplained reason, Tuesday is the day when a person with suicidal tendencies is most likely to make away with him or herself. The ratio for Tuesday is 110. Thursday, with 109, is the next worst day.

There is another curious point worth noting in connection with the times and seasons of suicide, which is this: The majority of suicides make their exit from the world between six in the morning and midday. It would seem that, when a human being is reduced to such a state of despair that he decides upon taking his own life, he usually does it just before being called upon to face another day.

Of other forms of crime, theft—ordinary theft, such as pocket-picking—is most frequent on Saturday. This may be because there is more money about on that day, or perhaps the cause is that a half-holiday and consequent crowds give greater opportunity to pick pockets.

Crime of all sorts is at its lowest ebb in spring, and at its height in autumn. In really hot weather crimes of violence increase, while robberies are more frequent at the colder seasons of the year.

More bankruptcies are announced on Monday than upon any other day of the week. The reason for this is not very plain, but such is the fact.

For weddings Wednesday is the favourite day of the week in all English-speaking countries. Wednesday is the middle day of the week, and therefore the most convenient, for it gives time for preparation after the preceding Sunday, and opportunity for travel or holiday before the Sunday following. That the old idea of Friday's ill-luck still holds good is clearly proved by the fact that the marriage rate for that day is less than a third of that of any other day of the week. The only exception is when the 31st of December happens to fall on a Friday. Scottish people consider the last day of the year the luckiest for a wedding, and are not discouraged even if it should happen to fall on a Friday.

To come to accidents. Insurance statistics show that these are more frequent on the last day of the week than on any of the other six. The cause is probably the fact that such a much larger proportion of the population are engaged in outdoor amusements on Saturday afternoon. Of the 18,000 people who yearly die accidental deaths in the United Kingdom, Saturday claims nearly 3,500.

The drop from Saturday to Sunday is enormous. Sunday's accidents account for only about 1,800 deaths, or little more than half those of Saturday.

All sorts of traffic accidents are more frequent on Saturday, and so are deaths by fire. In London fires are five per cent. more numerous on Saturday than on any other day of the week, but, oddly enough, in Paris Friday has twenty per cent. over the average.

—In not more than four colours. Pin your attempts on a sheet of paper and place them in an envelope—

The Real Reason

The Story of a Postponed Marriage.

By ROY VICKERS.

Forty pounds is a lot of money, as you would know if you had laboriously scraped it together at the rate of some few shillings a week; and it meant even more than it sounds to Jack Evans, who, living by himself, kept a little barber's shop in one of the slums of the great city. It was the instrument that was going to bring happiness into his drab life, for he and Elsie Marron had agreed that when he had added just a little more to it they might safely marry.

After the shop had closed, and Elsie Marron also was released from the workrooms where she earned her living, the sweethearts would meet and talk of their future. It was on one of those evenings that the girl, when Jack had told her that he thought of hiring an assistant, timidly suggested that he should employ her father.

"Your father?" he exclaimed, in surprise. "Why, he's much too good for a job like that!"

"I think he'd be glad to do anything to earn a bit, even if it were ever so little," she replied. "And he knows how, because he had temp'ry work in a barber's shop once before."

"I thought he did pretty well with his—machinery an' things," he said.

"He hasn't earned a penny for years," she blurted out.

Jack Evans stared at her in amazement.

"Then d'you mean to say that you've been *keeping* him?" he demanded.

"It's not his fault," she answered. "He's not like other men. He's an inventor, really. Only nothing he's invented has ever brought in any money. He's had it in his blood all his life, an' it's kept him back. We had a bit o' money once when I was a child an' before mother died. But it all went on his inventions."

Jack Evans knew well enough that it would be a risky experiment to employ a broken-down inventor as a barber's assistant; but, then, if he did not, the man would continue to live on Elsie's meagre earnings.

A couple of days later Marron put in an appearance at the barber's shop. In spite of his extreme shabbiness, his presence was oddly suggestive of prosperity. His general manner conveyed the impression that he was on the verge of making a fortune, as indeed he had all his life believed himself to be—a belief that was in no way affected by his perpetual disappointment.

He greeted Jack Evans effusively.

"I understand that you have been good enough to offer me a little temporary employment," he began. "I shall be most grateful—most grateful. Fact is, it will be some months before I can hope for a penny from my latest invention, the Marron mincing-machine. I assure you——"

He described his invention at length to his bewildered employer.

As far as the actual work was concerned Marron was a pleasant surprise to Jack Evans. His previous experience of barbering was of the slightest; but he possessed a remarkable skill with his fingers that enabled him the shave the most stubbly chin without mishap.

But it was clear that he was a hopeless victim of the invention mania. He would stop in the middle of a shave to explain his schemes to any customer who was rash enough to betray an interest in machinery. And on one occasion Jack Evans entered his shop to find his brushing-wheel hopelessly out of gear, and Marron gesticulating over the wreckage in a frenzy of excitement. It was a sudden invention; and it took a couple of hours to get the wheel in working order again—on the old plan.

In the weeks that followed the takings were by no means unsatisfactory; little by little the forty pounds were growing. Before long they would become forty-five. Every Saturday night after closing-time Jack Evans would go over the week's takings in the little room at the back of the shop, setting so much aside for living and business expenses, and nearly all that remained would be placed in the special cash-box. Then, for the sheer love of the thing, he would count again his savings, though he knew the amount to a penny. Forty-one! Forty-two! Forty-three! Fifty was already in sight, and then, with this to buy the home—Elsie.

It was during one of these weekly reckonings that he suddenly looked up and found Marron watching him.

"I thought you'd gone home," he said awkwardly.

"I stayed to help tidy up," said the other. "And behold," he added banteringly, eyeing the gold that was laid out in little stacks on the table, "I find you wallowing in lucre. My friend, you are rich. You are a capitalist!

"That gives me an idea," he went on, with sudden seriousness. "You have been very good to me, and now at last I perceive a chance of repaying your kindness an hundredfold. You have money. And because you have been to me a friend in need I will allow you to buy a share in my great invention, the Marron mincing-machine. Fifty pounds would enable me to complete my experiments, and then in a year, six months, we shall be rich—*rich*, my friend!"

It was not the cunning attempt of a rogue to get money out of a simpleton. The poor old man really believed that he was being generous; and he would certainly have spent every penny on experiments. He was more amazed than hurt at Jack Evans' refusal.

After that, whenever the shop was empty, he would approach Jack Evans in the hope of persuading him. His persistence became a great nuisance to his employer.

Forty-four! Forty-five! Forty-six! The little pile was creeping up.

"Elsie, if it goes on at this rate I shall have the fifty come midsummer," he said to her one evening. "Couldn't we fix the day, dear? Say August Bank Holiday?"

It was about the beginning of July that Elsie one day turned up with a heavy bundle of furniture catalogues. Every evening for a week they discussed the respective merits of a number of furniture firms. Then Jack Evans decided that he would make arrangements for a friend to take charge of his shop for the following Saturday, while he and Elsie went to the chosen emporium.

It was on the Tuesday morning that Jack Evans discovered that he had been robbed.

The cash-box reposed under his pillow during the night. In the day-time it was brought to the little room at the back of the shop, and there locked in an old dresser. On this particular morning he stumbled as he was coming downstairs. It struck him that there was something unfamiliar in the rattle of the coins in the box. He shook it again, and then, chill fear gripping his heart, he hastily unlocked it to find the gold gone and a handful of coppers in its place.

While he was still dazed by the shock Elsie Marron suddenly appeared at the back door. She seemed to have been running, and was out of breath.

"Father won't be able to come to-day!" she panted. "I don't suppose he'll come again for some time. I'm awfully sorry; it's his horrid old experiments again."

Jack Evans stared at her stupidly.

"Someone's lent him a lot of money," continued Elsie. "Fifty pounds, I think; it'll all be wasted."

"Here, wait a minute! Come inside," said Jack Evans thickly.

"Can't stop!" returned the girl, failing in her hurry to notice his agitation. "I'm on my way to work; I shall be late as it it. To-night same time as usual." And she hurried off.

"Someone's lent him a lot of money." That, of course, was the explanation of his own loss. The old man had been thinking of that money for months past. He knew where it was kept. Most probably he had gone there at some time when Jack Evans was shaving a customer, and, using his mechanical skill to pick the lock, had stolen the gold and substituted the coppers.

Jack Evans hurried round to the slum cottage where Marron and his daughter lived.

"Gimme back my fifty pounds!" he demanded as soon as Marron had closed the door behind him.

Marron scarcely seemed surprised at the demand.

"I fear that is impossible at the present moment," he replied. "I have already invested it, as you perceive"—waving his hand towards a litter of mechanical contrivances. "But in six months' time——"

"You stole my money!" interrupted Jack Evans fiercely. "And unless you give it back I'll go—I'll go to the police."

But Jack Evans did not go to the police. Marron had done him a great, an irreparable wrong. The police could not mend that wrong. And however resentful he felt against Marron he did not want to brand his sweetheart's father as a thief—did not even want her to know that he was a thief.

As he returned to work he felt that the sum of life had gone out. The day dragged on wearily, he dreaded its close, for he was wondering what should say to Elsie.

It would be useless to tell her that he had lost for she would at once put two and two together realise her father's guilt. He would temporise.

"I've got some bad news," he said gruffly when met. "I shan't be able to buy the furniture Saturday. I—the man who was going to take place cannot come after all."

She was clearly disappointed.

"Never mind, dear," she said later, "there really plenty of time yet. We can easily another day. What about the Saturday after

"I—I'll see," he replied.

She recovered her good spirits, and soon prattling of plans for their future.

"To think, Jack," she said delightedly, his arm, "in a month's time we shall married!"

He tried to tell her then, to give her at least hint, but he simply could not.

"Jack, you've forgotten something," she said fully on the following night. "I've been the week to see if you'd remember it."

"What is it?" he asked dully.

"Why, *the banns*, stupid! If we are to be on Bank Holiday the banns will have to be Sunday."

Delay was no longer possible. He must speak

"I—I been thinking——" he began, stopped.

"Well?" she asked, and there was voice that told him she was going to take But he was desperate, and he blundered on.

"I've been wondering whether—whether us gettin' married so soon."

By the light of the street-lamp he could she had turned a deathly white. She little, but when he put out his hand to steady shook herself free.

"So that was why you couldn't come to furniture," she said, with an unnatural "You—you ought to have told me before didn't care!"

Before he realised it she had turned and He stood and watched her receding figure, her receding from his life. She thought that not want her, and all the while he loved her with fibre of his being.

It was nearly a year before he saw her again. suddenly she appeared late one night, just closing the shop.

"My father is dying," she said simply, and formal greeting. "He is asking for you. please come quickly, or it will be too late."

They arrived only just in time—at the brief that precedes death; and he recognised Jack at once. He seemed to be saner than he had been in health.

He looked from Jack Evans to Elsie.

"Does she know?" he asked.

"No," replied Jack. "No need to talk about now," he added awkwardly.

"Elsie," said Marron firmly, "you ought to know I stole his fifty pounds. I s'pose that's why he wanted marry you."

Elsie gave a little gasp. Marron seemed to be ing, for he closed his eyes, and Elsie hurried to his

But he made an effort and partly raised himself in bed.

"I did you a great wrong, my friend," he "But, thank God, it is not too late to make amends give me that packet, Elsie."

The dying man clutched it, and then handed Jack Evans.

"I've had it all drawn up properly," he gasped a lawyer. It assigns to you the full right Marron mincing-machine. Take it."

And then he died.

"If I had only known!" said Elsie through tears an hour later as she clung to her sweetheart

"The poor fellow didn't really understand was doing," he replied. "But when you've got the shock, Elsie——"

"We won't worry about the furniture," she "We'll make do with what we've got between

They had been married nearly a month when letter came. Seeing the name of a well known of patent agents on the paper, Jack Evans had tossed it aside as a circular. Then he read it.

"Sir," it ran, "as the sole assignee of the right Marron mincing-machine, we are writing to inform that, in our judgment, the late Mr. Marron's opinion the possibilities of his invention (with which you doubtless familiar) was altogether too sanguine. market would, in any case, be very limited; and price that he asked was absurd. In view of facts, we should be happy to offer you the sum for your rights, but regret——"

He read no more, but rushed to the back of the shop

"Elsie," he shouted, "put on your hat—quick

"What for?" she called back.

"We're—we're going to buy that furniture!" replied.

LADIES
should watch the London
Daily Express
every Monday for Special Announcements of the Leading London Drapers.
On Sale Everywhere. One Halfpenny.

NO Goals Required.

NO Entry Fee.

£500 A WEEK

You May Send as Many Attempts as You Like.

THIS IS WHAT YOU DO. On the entry form below you will find the names of the clubs taking part in matches to be played on Saturday, March 8th. You have first of all to make yourself acquainted with the records and capabilities of the various clubs, and decide in each case which club you think will win. Then draw a line in ink through the name of the club which you believe will **lose.** If, in your opinion, any of the matches will result in a **draw,** then leave names of both teams in.

THIS Football Skill Competition has been devised for the amusement of the many tens of thousands of our readers who take a keen interest in Association Football, and to enable them to put their knowledge to good account. The prize offered is £500, and the task set enables competitors to display their skill in following up football, and also fosters their interest in the game.

It so frequently happens that the success of a team is seriously affected by the presence or absence of one particular player or by other local conditions. In order, therefore, to enable individual competitors to exercise their football skill and knowledge to the fullest extent we permit them to send in more than one entry form where they consider it necessary.

Any number of persons can inclose their coupons in one envelope, provided the proper amount of postage is affixed.

Competitors May Send as Many Attempts as They Wish.

Closing Date, FRIDAY, MARCH 7th.

As a help and guide to the exercise of your judgment, we recommend "Pearson's Football Annual," price 3d. (or post free 4d. from the Publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.), in which will be found complete information regarding teams, records of play in past seasons, and results of corresponding League matches played last season, all of which are of enormous assistance in marking your coupon.

RESULT OF FOOTBALL CONTEST No. 23.

Matches Played on Saturday, Feb. 8th.

In this contest the consolation prize of £25 has been divided by three competitors, who had each three matches incorrect: M. Murray, 2 Walmer Buildings, Ryder St., Birmingham; Joe Fairley, 53 Dean Terrace, Southwick, Sunderland; and W. J. Waters, Upper Stretton, Gloster Road, Cirencester.

CONDITIONS WITH WHICH COMPETITORS MUST COMPLY.

1. The names of the teams which you believe will lose must be crossed out. Where you forecast a draw don't cross out either.
2. Names and addresses must be written in ink in the space provided. Typewriting and blacklead pencil cannot be accepted.
3. When you have filled up the entry form, cut it out and place it in an envelope addressed to the Editor of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Mark your envelope "Football No. 27" in the top left-hand corner, and affix a penny stamp. All attempts must arrive not later than first post Friday, March 7th.
4. Competitors may send in as many entry forms as they wish, and any number of persons can inclose their coupons in one envelope, provided the proper amount of postage is affixed.
5. The sum of £500 will be awarded to the competitor from whom the Editor receives an entry form bearing what proves to be the correct result of all the matches played. In the event of a tie this sum will be divided. In the event of one or more matches not being played, the £500 will not be awarded.
6. Should no competitor give the correct results of all the matches played, £25 will be awarded to the competitor who sends the entry form containing the greatest number of correct results. In the event of a tie this sum will be divided
7. The Editor of PEARSON'S WEEKLY will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted, and proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of receipt.
8. The Editor of PEARSON'S WEEKLY does not assume any responsibility for any alterations that may be made in the fixtures given in the entry form.
9. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, and telegrams will be ignored.
10. The published decision is final, and competitors may enter on this understanding only.
11. No coupon bearing an address in Scotland will be eligible for this competition.

Cut Out Coupon and Post to Us Unfolded.

Pearson's Football Contest

No. 27.

Matches to be played on Saturday, March 8th

Cross out which you consider will be the losing club. For a draw don't cross out either.

Derby County	v	Bolton Wanderers
Manchester City	v	Woolwich Arsenal
West Bromwich Albion	v	Chelsea
Blackpool	v	Notts Forest
Bristol City	v	Lincoln City
Bury	v	Preston North End
Birmingham	v	Clapton Orient
Leeds City	v	Hull City
Fulham	v	Stockport County
Huddersfield	v	Glossop
Barnsley	v	Leicester Fosse
Gillingham	v	West Ham United
Queen's Park Rangers	v	Portsmouth
Northampton Town	v	Exeter City
Norwich City	v	Brighton & Hove Albion
Plymouth Argyle	v	Merthyr Town
Southampton	v	Watford
Wrexham	v	Dudley (BIRMINGHAM LEAGUE)
Kidderminster H.	v	Willenhall Swifts (BIRMINGHAM LEAGUE)
Darlaston	v	Shrewsbury Town (BIRMINGHAM LEAGUE)

Matches take place on the ground of the first-named club

I agree to abide by the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly" and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the conditions printed in "Pearson's Weekly."

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

WELSH JOINER WINS £250.

How Our Big Football Prize was Won. Success after Four Years' Failure.

THERE is a little town—Ruthin—tucked away amongst the Welsh hills which yesterday was not heard of by one in ten thousand readers of *P.W.*, but which to-day has leapt into prominence as the home of the winner of our £250 football prize.

It seemed surprising that out of the many hundreds of thousands of people competing in the Football Contest each week—a large proportion of them residing in big cities where they have ample opportunity of watching the most important matches—only one should be able to correctly forecast the results of all the matches in Competition No. 22, and that one living in a remote town in North Wales.

Yet the explanation is simple.

Hasn't Seen a Match for Years.

Our representative found that Ruthin was a hot-bed of football knowledge. The young men of the place know as much about football form as any person living in Manchester or Birmingham or other cities famous for their crack teams. In fact, four out of every seven can name the players in all the League teams and the positions in which they play! And yet Mr. J. Williams, the winner of the £250, has not seen a League match—or any other big match—for over four years!

This shows clearly that the competitor residing in the tiniest hamlet has as great an opportunity of winning our big prize as the resident of a great city. All that is necessary is to study the form of the team and take into careful consideration the play of the men. This can be done—or it was by Mr. Williams—by keeping careful track of the records of each team this year and last year. For the latter purpose, *Pearson's Football Annual* is invaluable.

When a man succeeds in coming out on top, it is always interesting to know how he managed to do it, and Mr. Williams makes no secret of his method.

"Every Monday evening I go through the reports of previous Saturday's matches so far as they affect the teams mentioned in the coupon. Then I look up their records last year, and the result of the corresponding match.

How He Filled the Coupon.

"Finally I ascertain if any new men are playing for the team, and if so, who they are. In this way I was able to correctly forecast the surprise result in the Blackburn *v.* Barnsley match. On form, Barnsley was thought to have a sure thing. But I found that Blackburn had just acquired a new right winger, who was going to play for them against Barnsley, and I felt that his play would make just the difference. It did.

"I filled up my coupon on the Monday night, and posted it on the Wednesday. I always post my attempt on Wednesday, so that it shall get to *Pearson's* in good time. I didn't want to run the risk of being disqualified because my coupon, for some reason, arrived late. The following Sunday I knew, by the report in the papers that I had got all the results correct, and my only anxiety was—how many more competitors had done likewise?

"Fortunately for me, I find I am the only one.

"I have been a reader of *P.W.* for nearly ten years, and for the past four years have never missed sending up my weekly coupon in the Football Competition.

My advice to my fellow competitors is to persevere and never be discouraged. If I had lost heart at any time—and four years' regular competing without a break, and with occasional dispiriting results, is a long stretch—I should not to-day be £250 richer."

There are few men who more richly deserve success than Mr. Williams. The steady persistency with which he competed in the Football Contest is characteristic of the man. He is a joiner by trade—a day-wage man—and everyone knows how precarious such an occupation is, especially in a little village. Yet, although still in the twenties, he managed to get together a little home, where he lives with his charming young wife and two small daughters.

Such a man is not likely to have his head turned by the sudden acquisition of a big lump sum of money.

"I shall put it in the bank," he said. "Then I shall either buy the little house in which I now live, or start on my own as a joiner and carpenter. But I shan't waste the money, you may be sure.

Jolly Glad to Have Won.

"I'm jolly glad to have won at last—glad mostly for the sake of the wife and kiddies. With a capital of £250 a man can do a lot, and I mean to build up a big business if I'm spared."

And now we are offering twice the amount which Mr. Williams won—£500. If there is anyone needing five hundred pounds, let him—or her—fill up the entry-form on this page and send it in. You *may* be the winner. If you *don't* send it in, you *can't* be.

—I will give prizes for the five best attempts sent in. Dolls for girls and Paint Sets for boys. *(See page 914.)*

A HEART OF HATE

"You have made me a beast, and when you open the door of my cell, you will let out Satan himself."

— By —

LADBROKE BLACK

(Author of "My Son—or a Stranger's?")

THE STORY IN A NUTSHELL.

JASPER THORNTON: A man who has spent ten years in prison for a crime which he never committed. Before his release he inherits a huge fortune, and with this at his back, he vows to make life unbearable for—

HENRY MUMFORD, the man for whose crime he suffered. Mumford is now a wealthy financier, supposed to be a widower.

MARGARET MUMFORD: The financier's only child. She is the one person in the world whom Mumford regards unselfishly.

JOHN HATTON: A young man who is released from prison with Thornton. The latter pays him twenty pounds a week to assist him in his scheme of revenge. Hatton has obtained the post of private secretary at Mr. Mumford's residence.

MARY HATTON: John's sister. She wants her brother to go straight, but she cannot get him out of Thornton's clutches. She is a typist employed at Mr. Mumford's office.

CYRIL LAMBERT: Margaret Mumford's lover.

MRS. MUMFORD: Henry Mumford's wife. She is a drug maniac and deals in the White Slave traffic.

By chance, Jasper Thornton finds out the life Mrs. Mumford is leading. He pays her a visit and offers her £5,000 to kidnap a girl for him, and to condemn her to a life of shame.

Mrs. Mumford takes the golden bait, but, unknown to her, the girl she is to abduct is her own daughter, Margaret.

A false telegram, supposed to be from Cyril Lambert, decoys Margaret to a miserable house in Chelsea. Here she is given a cup of drugged tea which makes her feel faint. With great difficulty she feels her way across the room to the door, meaning to call for assistance. To her amazement she finds that it is locked.

Then something like horror seizes her.

She beats on the door with her hands, but nobody takes any notice, nobody seems to hear. She staggers over to the window, and, drawing aside the curtains, thinks to get some fresh air. But there is no window there.

The room is inclosed by four blank walls.

CHAPTER VI. (*continued*).

In Her Mother's Clutches.

WHEN Margaret Mumford realised that she was trapped, wild terror seized her; she tried to cry aloud, but her voice would not come. The room was reeling and rocking around her; swaying like a drunkard she managed to gain the sofa, and lying down put her hands to her head. Almost at the same moment her senses left her, and she passed into unconsciousness.

Two or three minutes went by, and then the door was quietly opened, and a man entered. It was Jacques, and as he saw the figure of the unconscious girl on the sofa an evil smile lit up his face.

"Another bird caged," he muttered, and then looking at her with the eye of a connoisseur he added, "A very pretty bird, too."

He gazed at her for some moments, and then as quietly as he had entered, he left the room, closing the door behind him. Crossing the hall, he opened the door that led into the drawing-room. On the divan where Jasper Thornton had first seen her, Mrs. Mumford lay, apparently asleep. Jacques went up to her side and roughly shook her shoulder.

"What is the matter, Jacques?" she said, sleepily opening her eyes.

"The girl is caught, madame; you must rouse yourself if you are going to take her away."

"It isn't time yet, Jacques; wait until it is darker. Half-past six will be time enough."

"But what if she recovers, madame? What are we to do then?"

"Why do you trouble me?" retorted Mrs. Mumford, almost angrily. "Have you not drugs to keep her unconscious, fool? One might think you had never helped at these affairs before, that you come bothering me when I'm asleep."

The man turned, grumbling, to leave the room.

"Call me at six," she said in her far-away voice, "that will be time enough."

At half-past six a side door, which gave entrance to a small stable yard, was opened, and Jacques descended a short flight of stone steps, carrying in his arms the unconscious figure of Margaret.

A single-horse brougham was in waiting, with the blinds drawn. With difficulty the girl was placed on the seat, and prevented from slipping to the floor by a strap which he fastened round her waist.

Immediately afterwards Mrs. Mumford, heavily veiled, entered the brougham. The door was instantly shut by Jacques, and the vehicle rattled over the stones, down the short alley, into the busy thoroughfare beyond.

Mrs. Mumford had taken the seat opposite her victim. For some minutes she seemed to be oblivious to her presence, but sat swaying to and fro drowsily. Then suddenly, with an obvious effort, collecting her senses, she raised her veil and looked at the girl.

An expression of greedy satisfaction came into her eyes. She seemed to gloat upon her victim, while noticing with the approving satisfaction of a merchant, fingering some precious merchandise, the beauty of her face and form.

"Five thousand pounds," she muttered to herself, "and cheap at the price. To-morrow, my pretty little lady, you will wake up to a different sort of life, and somebody at home will be wanting you and not finding you. Five thousand pounds."

The mere mention of the sum she had been paid seemed to give her intense pleasure. She mouthed it again and again, letting the words roll lovingly round her tongue.

"And fine clothes, too; no common chit this. She was worth twice the money. If I'd known I might have asked twice five thousand pounds."

She bent forward and fingered the girl's dress, as if to appraise the value of the victim she had brought into the White Slave market. Then she took her hand and stroked it, with almost ghoulish zest.

"Pretty, dainty little girl," she muttered. "Some of these rings are really valuable. If it wasn't for the risk I'd take that half hoop of diamonds. Some man has given her that, poor fool. She was engaged to be married. There will be no white satin and confetti in her life—no wedding march and presents. She'll have a very different future."

As if to examine her prey more closely she changed her seat so that she sat next to the unconscious girl.

"Pity such pretty things should spoil so soon. Two, three, four years at most and then good-bye to the fine dresses and the pretty looks."

She had taken the girl's hand again, and was stroking it with a feline caress that was the refinement of cruelty. Suddenly her eyes lighted on the gold bracelet—a thin, broad band of the precious metal—that incircled her wrist. She looked at it for some moments with dulled eyes; then as if some memory of the past had been awakened in her mind, she examined it more closely, holding the girl's wrist near her eyes.

A shudder seemed to shake her body. Nervously she let Margaret's wrist fall again, and with fumbling fingers she undid the bracelet.

She opened it so that the inside could be seen, and holding it to the lamp which burnt in the brougham, she read some words that were engraved there:

"Margaret Mumford, from her mother."

The bracelet fell with a clatter on the ground. The wretched woman flung herself sobbing on her knees, madly clutching at the hand of the unconscious girl.

"Oh, Margaret, my darling, my daughter!" she murmured. "Oh, God forgive me! What have I done?"

CHAPTER VII.

"There Must Have Been Foul Play."

WHILE the shuttered brougham rolled on its way through the London streets to that secret den of infamy in the heart of the West End, Mrs. Mumford still knelt at her daughter's feet, holding her limp and lifeless hand, now kissing it passionately, now letting her futile tears rain upon it.

"Margaret, my poor little Margaret, what shall I do?" she sobbed.

The girl's body swayed helplessly to [illegible] slight movement of the brougham. Her [illegible] were closed, her cheeks were pallid, and to [illegible] distracted woman at her feet, it seemed [illegible] she was dead. In an agony of fear she put [illegible] her hand and touched her heart; she could feel [illegible] regular movement of her breathing.

She was not dead—that crime was spared her.

"What am I to do, what am I to do?" she moaned, pressing her hands to her head as if to concentrate her wandering senses.

Through her drug-diseased brain, certain fea[illegible] of the situation flashed incoherently. What was [illegible] to do with Margaret?

To take her to the Scarlet Suite was a thing not to be dreamt of. And if she returned to the house in Chelsea what would the girl think when the influence of the drug wore off, and consciousness came back? She would remember how she had been trapped; she would recall the drugged tea, the locked room, [illegible] the false windows. It would be impossible to keep the truth from her; she would learn that it was her own mother who had plotted this infamy. Chelsea was out of the question.

A wild thought came into her mind that she might take the girl to her own home, back again to the house in Hyde Park where once she herself had reigned as mistress. But she abandoned the idea almost immediately. Hardened as she was, with every moral sense obliterated by the drug to which she was a slave, she still shrank from the shame that would follow such a step.

Margaret would have to be helped out of the brougham, questions would be asked, her husband would be sent for; the whole truth would come out.

But what was she to do with the girl?

At that moment there occurred to her a memory of the five thousand pounds she had received for the kidnapping and enslaving of her daughter.

For years the two obsessing passions of her life had been morphia and money, and even now she could not face with equanimity the thought of relinquishing so large a sum. If she could take her daughter to a place of hiding and at the same time pretend to the man who had employed her that considerations of safety had prevented her carrying off her victim to the Scarlet Suite, she might still preserve her daughter and retain the money that she coveted.

She tried to remember the name of the man for whom she was acting, but despite all her efforts it refused to appear upon the screen of her brain. Years of indulgence in morphia had had its inevitable effect. Stray thoughts, stray names came to her, but without any association. The chain of connected thought which we call memory, was in her case but a jumble of disunited links.

Suddenly she found herself repeating foolishly an address.

"23 Miriam Street, Camden Town; 23 Miriam Street, Camden Town."

With her hands pressed against her throbbing temples, she tried to remember who lived there to discover something in her diseased mind with which the address was connected. But she tried in vain. It remained the meaningless number of a house in a certain district that had been thrown up from the chaos of her brain.

At that moment it seemed an inspiration—a ray of illuminating hope; it was an address. It was somewhere where she could take Margaret. If, if it turned out to be a house where it would be possible to leave her daughter, still it was worth trying.

Acting on the spur of the moment, she took up the speaking tube that communicated with the coachman, and told him to alter his course. It was some time before she could make herself understood, and the necessity of repeating the name again and again almost drove her to the verge of madness. She bit her handkerchief between her teeth to prevent herself screaming, and exerted all that was left of her shattered will power to make the man understand her instructions.

Minutes went by, minutes that seemed eternities. She knelt beside her daughter, her face buried in her hands, hardly daring to look at the girl she had loved and whose degradation she had plotted. But at last the carriage stopped. She rose to her feet and, calming herself with difficulty, let down the window and looked out.

There was a dense fog in the street. A lamp [illegible] ten yards away was almost invisible. No one [illegible]

Supposing you received a wire from the Editor saying you had won £300 in "Middles." ☞

out. She opened the door and, closing it behind her then she had stepped on to the pavement, looked and stupidly.

The coachman on the box, who was watching her, nt forward pointing with his whip.

"That's the house you asked for, madame, No. 23." followed his direction, walking feebly up the of stone steps. For some seconds she searched in for the bell, and when at last she heard it down in the basement, she started nervously, ng about her in terror. Presently she heard the trailing footsteps of the landlady coming down passage, and she made a last effort to clear her sed brain.

The door opened, and she found herself facing that ration of decayed respectability that was repre- d by the landlady of 23 Miriam Street. For a nt she stared at her blankly, and then mastered f sufficiently to speak.

"I saw you had a bedroom to let, my good woman," d. "and so I stopped my carriage here. It is a sad case; at the corner of the street my coachman ost ran over a poor girl, who was lying unconscious the middle of the road, and so I brought her to the house I could find."

The landlady looked at her suspiciously.

"Why don't you take her to the hospital? This a hospital. And what's more, how do you know room to let, seeing as how there's no card in the and even if there was you couldn't see it in g?"

Mrs. Mumford only restrained herself from scream- difficulty. What was she to do woman refused to take Margaret in? "I don't know where the hospital is; ly knows where the hospital is. And this fog we haven't been able to find policeman. If it's a question of ——"

She fingered her purse nervously, open- it with a hand that shook. Unable extract the money she poured it out the palm of her hand, nearly fifteen ds in gold and silver.

"Take this, for your trouble. If you put the poor girl to bed I will call in morning after I have found out her s."

In the dim light of the hall gas the dlady turned over the money in her lm. The sight of so much wealth made appreciable change in her manner.

"Of course I couldn't turn the poor d away on a night like this, and she haps with no home too. It wouldn't Christian. Shall I come and help her of the carriage with your ladyship?"

Not trusting herself to speak, Mrs. Mumford made a motion to the woman follow her, and, going back to the ougham first, undid the suspicious strap hich held the unconscious girl from lling to the floor, before the other peared to assist. Together with great ficulty they got the girl out of the riage, and stumbled with her in their ms up the dirty flight of steps into the ise.

On a bed in a ground-floor room they d her, and Mrs. Mumford, not daring look at her daughter, turned and fled from the ouse, muttering something incoherent about returning the morrow. Once back in the brougham, she man- d to give the coachman instructions to drive home.

As the carriage moved slowly southwards through e fog the wretched woman lay back against the ded back of the seat. Her pallid cheeks were tching, and her lips quivered as if she were muttering ething to herself.

Then suddenly her body seemed to stiffen. As the ougham turned the corner, she lurched forward and l on her face. Gradually she sank down on to the r, and lay still, limp and motionless.

When the brougham rattled once more over the led yard of the house in Chelsea, the servant, o had helped her to ply her infamous traffic in man flesh, found her lying there, stiff and cold, dead!

* * * * *

Punctually at eight o'clock Mary Hatton arrived at lodging-house at Miriam Street, to keep her appoint- nt with Jasper Thornton. The landlady welcomed almost effusively.

"I'm that glad you've come, miss, with all my er lodgers out, that I could kneel down and say prayers. I've been in this house these six years d kept myself respectable, and never did I think h a thing would happen to me, I'm sure."

Want of breath checked her flow of eloquence, and Mary managed to ask what was the matter.

"It's the strangest accident you ever saw," she ntinued, holding her heart with both hands as if ightened that that organ might at any moment p beyond its fleshly confines into space. "Not half-an-hour ago, miss, a private brougham drives up the door, and the lady gets out and asks me to lp in a young woman whom she'd found unconscious in the road. And there she is this very moment lying in the first floor back, almost as good as dead. And what to do, I'm sure I don't know."

Mary, with her natural instinct for being of use, volunteered her assistance, and the landlady leading the way, as if she were a showman, conducted her into the bedroom where Margaret lay.

Her face was turned to the wall, and in the dim light of the musty room, Mary was unable to distinguish her features.

"There she lies," said the landlady with an almost dramatic gesture, "and there she has lain without moving so much as an eyelash since the lady and I carried her in out of the carriage."

Mary had gone up to the bed on tip-toe, and leaning over was staring down into the girl's face. The landlady saw her start back, while a little exclamation of surprise escaped from her lips.

"What's the matter, miss? Do you know the poor girl?"

Mary did not seem to hear her question, but stood looking down at the unconscious figure on the bed, with an expression of fear and perplexity on her face.

"There's something wrong here," she said, half to herself. "There must have been foul play; she couldn't have been found in this neighbourhood unconscious in the middle of the road."

The landlady had come forward eagerly, her face wrinkled with curiosity.

"What's that you say—foul play?" she said in a hoarse whisper. "You know the girl, then?"

"Yes, she's Miss Margaret Mumford!"

The wretched woman flung herself on her knees, madly clutching at her daughter's hand.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Don't Say He's Dead!"

JASPER THORNTON had spent the whole of the day in a fever of excitement. The want of sleep and the storm of his own passion had worked him into a state of frenzy.

He had tried to rest and found it impossible, and all the morning and afternoon he had paced up and down the sitting-room of his flat, waiting for the appointed hour when he was to go to the Scarlet Suite to keep his appointment with Mrs. Mumford.

The time of waiting was almost unbearable. His thirst for revenge made him insanely eager to witness the incarceration, in that den of infamy from which no one had ever been known to return, of the innocent girl, whose only offence was that she was the daughter of the man who had wronged him.

No consideration of pity or mercy entered his mind. He thought only of Margaret, if he thought of her at all, as a piece in the mad game of vengeance that he was playing against Henry Mumford.

Only one thing disturbed the gloating anticipation of his lust of hate. Ever and again there fleeted into his mind the face of Mary Hatton, as he had seen it the night before in the darkness on Hampstead Heath.

He tried to put it from him, but somehow or other it insisted on obtruding itself. He saw the scornful turn of her lips as she mocked at his sense of justice, and those dark eyes with their lashes wet with the mist and rain as they looked fearlessly into his.

The memory tormented him, and he reviled himself for ever having had anything to do with the girl, and swore that he would not keep his appointment with her that night, and even as he swore it, felt a pleasurable anticipation at the thought that he would see her.

It was almost with relief that he heard the electric bell and his manservant ushering in John Hatton.

Hatton's face showed the traces of the last few days' anxieties, but none the less there were signs of half-suppressed excitement in his manner.

"Well, I think you've struck home at last, Mr. Thornton," he began when the man closed the door. "I left the house at half-past five, as soon as I dare get away, and have come straight here to tell you the news."

"What's the news?"

"Part of it I guess you know, or at least suspect. Miss Mumford was got away safely at half-past three, to—you know where. That's not all. She had hardly gone when we got a telephone message to say that Mr. Mumford——"

The mention of his enemy's name acted like a red rag to a bull on Jasper Thornton. His face blazed up with a fierce flame of passion.

"Yes, yes, Mumford—what's happened to him?"

"The message said that he had been taken seriously ill at the office and that we were to send for doctors at once."

Like a man who dreads the breaking of some terrible news, Jasper Thornton put out his hand and clutched at the table to support himself.

"Don't say he's dead!" he gasped hoarsely. "Don't say he's dead and escaped me!"

Hardened as he was, Hatton shuddered at the fiendish hate that the words expressed.

"No, he's not dead," he said hurriedly. "But he was unconscious when they brought him into the house. When he recovered, he asked for his daughter. Nobody knew where she was, and his growing anxiety for her safety is making him suffer cruelly."

Jasper Thornton laughed aloud.

"Good! Good!" he exclaimed. "I hope he'll suffer all the tortures it's possible to suffer. I hope every moment that he breathes will be like the agony of death. And he's wildly anxious about his daughter, you say?"

"He's asking every moment for her; the servants have been running all about the town; we've telegraphed, telephoned, done everything except call in the police—I've seen to that—and no trace of her can be found."

"And she'll never be found. He'll die without ever seeing his daughter. He will know what I suffered, now, and something of what it is to lose those you love. This is the hour I've been waiting for; this is the vengeance I wanted."

He tramped about the room in his mad exultation, muttering to himself, and every now and again laughing as if the thought of his enemy's sufferings were the greatest joke in the world. And Hatton stood by watching him, feeling for the first time in his life something of shame and utter degradation.

Jasper Thornton did not seem to notice his companion, but strode up and down the floor as the minutes passed, revelling in the sweets of revenge. The man who had tortured him was being tortured himself; the man who had broken the heart of his mother, and brought his sister to an early grave, was himself enduring a sorrow as acute. Suddenly the clock on the mantelpiece struck the half hour. Jasper Thornton stopped at the second and looked at his watch.

"I must be going," he said. "The last move in this game has got to be played."

He seized his hat and rushed from the room, like one demented. Once out in the street he plunged into the throng of Piccadilly and made his way westward.

(Another thrilling instalment next week.)

RESULT OF FOOTBALL TRIPSHOTS No. 5.

(See page 900.)

"ENGLISH CUP" TICKETS.

In *P.W.*, dated Feb. 1, three pairs of tickets for the Cup Final were offered for the best Football Tripshots on CLAPTON ORIENT. The attempts selected as the best, together with the names and addresses of the senders, were as follows:

CLAPTON ORIENT: *Reveal "Passable" Talent.*
Sent by A. E. Longden, 194 Uttoxeter New Rd., Derby; who nominated C. Alton, 72 Wild St., Derby.

CLAPTON ORIENT: *Inside "Passing" Remedy.*
Sent by G. Saunders, "Sorrento," Old Shoreham Rd., Brighton; who nominated W. Taylor, 38 Addison Rd., Brighton.

CLAPTON ORIENT: *Are "Passing" Clever.*
Sent by A. C. Chamberlin, 29 Longtown Rd., Eccleston; who nominated Mrs. Chamberlin.

"SCOTTISH INTERNATIONAL" TICKETS.

In *P.W.*, dated Feb. 1, a pair of tickets for the Scottish International at Louden was offered to readers domiciled in Scotland for the best Football Tripshot on THIRD LANARK. The attempt selected as the best was as follows:

THIRD LANARK: *Keep Right Limits.*
Sent by James Smith, 5 Arthur St., Paisley, N.B.; who nominated D. McNeil, of same address.

—What telegram would you send in reply? Not more than twelve words. ☞

NEW USES FOR "MOVIES."

Cinematograph Films That Teach Soldiers How to Kill and Doctors How to Cure.

MAN has long since welcomed moving pictures among his amusements. He is now beginning to put them to more serious uses.

Medical scientists, for instance, have succeeded in throwing on the screen blood corpuscles the size of dinner plates, and so enabling the doctors to actually witness the battles that are constantly being waged in our system between the malignant microbes of disease and the beneficent ones whose mission in life it is to attack and devour them.

Armies of hideous tadpole-like creatures advance against the defenders, deliver their attack, and retire, leaving the "battle-ground" covered with the bodies of the slain, just as in real warfare. The microbes, absolutely invisible, of course, to the naked eye, are magnified enormously for the purpose of these scientific cinematograph films. A flea, magnified to the same extent, would appear as big as St. Paul's Cathedral.

How They Help the Police.

In the French army living pictures are being used to teach soldiers to shoot, in place of the old-fashioned moving targets. The German government is utilising them for the detection of crime. For example, in Berlin the other day, the police ordered the 250 picture theatres to show at their matinée performances the portrait of a bank messenger who had that morning absconded with £13,000. He was promptly recognised, and arrested the same evening.

Here is another case. During the rioting in Budapest recently, a cinematograph operator took some pictures of the disturbances, and later on these were shown in the ordinary way. The police attended the theatres, identified numbers of the rioters, and soon had them under lock and key.

The American army is a voluntary one, like ours, and the military authorities over there find it an even more difficult matter to get sufficient recruits, wages being higher there than here, and unemployment less rife. In the moving pictures, however, they have found a way out of the difficulty. Free exhibitions have been arranged for at likely centres, showing the advantages of life in the United States regular army, its excitements, its amusements, and so on, with the result that the number of applicants for enlistment has gone up in some places as much as fifty per cent.

Useful to Army Airmen.

The Germans have gone a step further. Cameras for aerial scouting are being extensively purchased by the Berlin War Office. With their aid the army airman is able to take a continuous panoramic picture of an enemy's entrenchments. Moreover, moving pictures, illustrating the right and wrong way of carrying out military exercises and operations, are being shown at the lectures which are given to German soldiers in barracks after the outdoor training for the day is finished.

In the same way the Canadian Minister of Defence arranged for exhibitions of moving pictures in the cadet camps held last summer throughout the Dominion, when 40,000 of Canada's young soldiers took the field. The films showed the actual work of digging rifle pits, constructing entrenchments, putting up barbed-wire entanglements, and so forth.

To Teach the Territorials.

What little has been done in England in this direction, however, has been principally the result of private enterprise, some few commanding officers, amongst them being Colonel Nugent, of the Irish Guards, having had military films taken for their own regiments. In some Territorial drill halls, too, instruction films have been exhibited, and lectures given on them. But this is about all. No systematic government effort has so far been made, like that, for instance, put forth by the governments of Germany, France, and the United States of America.

Meanwhile, however, scores of individuals are putting the new art to new uses for their own especial benefit. Prominent airmen, for instance, are learning much concerning their mistakes, and the best means of preventing them, by watching themselves in flight; and some of our leading actors and actresses are having their rehearsals filmed, so as to be able to detect any faults therein, with a view to their subsequent correction.

ALL READERS READ THIS.

We want 130 Football Guests, 100 to witness the Cup Final played at the Crystal Palace on April 19th, and 30 Scottish readers to see the International Scotland *v* England played at Chelsea on April 5th.

We offer our readers:

Free return railway ticket from their home to London.
Hot Breakfast, Dinner, and Tea.
Trip round London.
Seat in Grand Stand to witness the Final or International.

HOW TO WIN TICKETS.

Each week we give you the name of a popular football club and we wish you to make a "Football Tripshot" on the name.

The club chosen this week's PRESTON NORTH END. To make a "Football Tripshot" on PRESTON NORTH END you make a phrase or sentence of three words, the initials of which must be letters contained in the name of the popular League club. You may use any three letters you like in any order, but a letter can only be used more than once if it occurs more than once.

An example "Football Tripshot," which must not be used, is:

PRESTON NORTH END: SEEKING DIVISION HONOURS.

When you have made your "Football Tripshot," write it in the space provided on the entry form, and sign your name underneath. Then ask the friend whom you wish to go with you to the Cup Final to put his or her name and address beneath yours.

This week eight free tickets—four pairs—for the Cup Final are offered for the best Football Tripshots.

FOR SCOTLAND ONLY.

In addition to asking 100 of our readers to come to the Cup Final we are inviting 30 readers from Scotland to witness the International Match, Scotland *v.* England, played at Chelsea on April 5th.

Only readers domiciled in Scotland may enter for these tickets.

All we want you to do is to make a "Football Tripshot" on the name of some famous Scottish team. You will find how to make "Football Tripshots" above.

This week four free tickets—two pairs—for the International match are offered for the best Football Tripshot on MOTHERWELL, the Scottish League club.

There will only be two more contests for readers living in Scotland, so enter now.

ENTRY FORM.

FOOTBALL TRIPSHOTS No. 9.

Write your three words clearly in ink.
State here whether English or Scottish Contest.

.....

Tripshot .....

.....

I agree to abide by the conditions and to accept the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly" as final.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

RULES FOR COMPETITORS.

1. When you have filled up the entry form get your friend to sign his or her name below yours, then cut it out, and place it in an envelope addressed to the Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C. No other communication to be enclosed. Names and addresses must be written, not printed, or typewritten.

2. Envelopes, with entries for English Cup Final tickets, must be marked "Preston" in the top left-hand corner, and those for the International "Motherwell." All entries must be posted to arrive not later than Tuesday, March 4th.

3. The prizes will be awarded for the attempts considered the best. After these have been selected, a free invitation will be sent to each of the readers whose names appear on the winning entry forms, to travel from the addresses given to view the English Cup Final or the International.

4. The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted.

5. The published decision is final, and competitors may enter on this understanding only.

NOSES ARE NICER NOW.

John Bull's Hair Has Lost its Curliness, but the Shape of His Nose Has Improved.

JAPAN has finally decided, after experiments extending over some years, to put beef on the daily diet of her navy. The reason is that the men in those ships where beef has been given daily have an advantage in height of nearly three-quarters of an inch over the men of other ships, and over the average Japanese peasant, to whom meat is an unknown food.

In fact, Japan as a whole shows signs of growing taller. It is some twenty or twenty-five years since townspeople began adding western foods to their native diet of rice. Consular reports show that the stock sizes of ready-made suits have all moved up.

Another curious change made by civilisation on the Jap is a result of the large sale of hair-brushes and hair-oil there. Till the Japanese adopted western civilisation their hair was as upright and bristly as a golliwog's. Now it is as smooth and lank as an Englishman's.

Wigs Have Killed Curls.

If the figure of John Bull, so dear to the caricaturist, were brought up-to-date, he would have to be robbed of his curls. That is one way in which the English type is changing. For centuries the average Englishman had curly hair. But during the whole of the eighteenth century wigs were in general use, and our hair has never recovered from that hundred years of wig-wearing. The curliness has been crushed out. That, too, is supposed to be one reason why baldness has been much commoner in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries than it was in the Middle Ages and up to 1700.

A similar change is that from fair to dark. The majority of English people are now more dark than fair, while centuries ago the balance was decidedly the other way. The great majority of Englishmen are town-dwellers, and medical science recognises that dark people are better adapted constitutionally for city life than fair people. But no one can say why.

Our Noses Used to be Hooked.

Our noses have changed a lot, too. Look at old portraits in picture galleries of eighteenth-century admirals and generals, and you will notice that quite half of them, probably, have noses of the aquiline or "hook" type. This nose is quite uncommon in the United Kingdom nowadays, though it is less rare in the eastern counties than elsewhere. In Canada, for some reason, the aquiline nose is comparatively common. But in England our noses are much straighter than they used to be.

The American face is steadily changing. Various writers have pointed out the curious fact that the typical American face is getting to resemble more and more closely that of the original dweller in the same land; the Red Indian's high and prominent cheek-bones, lank hair, thin lips, and impassive expression are points that the two races, though so different in blood, have in common. It has even been asserted that in the different parts of the States the typical local face tends to be like that of the tribe which used to live in that particular part.

Climates Change Faces.

Similarly, more than one visitor to New Zealand has remarked on the number of broad, "Irish" noses to be seen there. The same mysterious process which is at work in America seems to be working there, too, for this nose, a sort of squat aquiline, is the nose typical of the New Zealand aborigine, the Maori. A Sydney journalist recently said playfully that before the English emigrant to New Zealand leaves the quayside his nose can be seen swelling. It has been suggested, too, that the typical South African face is beginning to get heavy, like that of the Boer.

That changes like these should take place may seem incredible, but everyone knows how a profession or trade may mould a man's face. A lawyer or butcher may often be identified at once. If the faces one meets at work every day help to mould one's own face it is not so surprising that a given climate may tend to produce the same type of face, whatever the race of its owner.

Italians are showing a decided increase in height, usually attributed to the effects of conscription. An army report just issued states that in Northern Italy hundreds of six-foot youths join yearly. The Frenchman is growing taller, too, and also fairer. The first Frenchman you meet nowadays is just as likely to be fair as dark.

—For the five best replies I will give Electric Hand-lamps. Mark postcards "Telegram." *(See page 914.)*

What a Blizzard is Like

A Vivid Description of a Personal Experience.

By DICK DONOVAN.

SOME years ago I was crossing the Fluela Pass in Switzerland from Tarasp to Davos Platz in the depth of winter, in an open post sleigh.

I and an old peasant woman, who was going to see a sick son at Davos, were the sole passengers. She and I occupied our sleigh with a driver, while preceding us, with two horses tandem, was a much larger sleigh, carrying the mail-bags, which were in charge of a conductor, the driver, and a postman.

The weather was threatening when we started, and I knew from experience that we were in for a blizzard.

As we neared the summit of the Pass, which is 7,900 feet above sea level, the sky darkened to blackness, and there was a sullenness in the air that ominously presaged the coming storm.

The driver, knowing the danger, stopped the sleighs, turned the horses adrift to look after themselves, raised the passenger-sleigh on its side against a bank of snow so that we could find shelter, and these preparations were scarcely finished before the blizzard struck us with a mighty roar.

Cold Penetrated Our Bones.

The heavy tarpaulin covering the mail-bags was torn from its fastenings, and carried a great distance through the air as if it had been a piece of tissue-paper.

The darkness was intense, and the snow so thick that not even the sleigh with the mail-bags a few yards off was visible.

Happily for ourselves we were fairly well sheltered by the bank of snow and the upturned sleigh, but breathing was difficult, and the cold penetrated our very bones.

These terrible storms are so bewildering and deaden the senses to such an extent that a traveller who cannot find some sort of shelter is almost sure to perish.

In this instance the blizzard was of short duration. In an hour it had ceased, and the air cleared. The blizzard which proved the undoing of poor Captain Scott, it will be remembered, lasted for nine days.

Hot Spiced Wine To Thaw Us.

We found the terrified horses standing together dazed and half-frozen. We harnessed them up again, and, having recovered the tarpaulin with some difficulty, we proceeded on our journey, and in a short time reached the refuge on the summit, where warmth and hot spiced wine enabled us to thaw our frozen limbs and set our blood circulating again.

These terrible storms, which are so frequent in Polar seas and mountain regions, tax the vitality and energies of a human being to the utmost, and it is easy to understand that anyone weakened from exhaustion and lack of food must necessarily perish if succour is not forthcoming.

MAGISTRATE: "You are charged with breaking a chair over this man's head."

Prisoner: "I didn't mean to break the chair, your worship."

WILLIE: "Was Jonah a high-priced lawyer, pa?"

Father: "What a question! Why?"

Willie: "It seems the whale couldn't retain him."

MAKING IT RIGHT.

THE tram-car conductor eyed it critically, and then ventured to point out to the lady that the threepenny-piece had a hole in it.

"Oh, well, that doesn't matter, does it?" she queried archly.

"I am afraid it does, madam," was the uncompromising reply. There was an awkward pause, and then an idea struck the passenger.

"Well, then, give me a ticket with a hole in it—that will make it right."

OUR GIFT WINNERS.

They carried their "Pearson's" in their hands And this is what we gave them. (*See page 891.*)

LADIES' PURSES TO—

G. P. Klug, 352 Durnsford Rd., Wimbledon Park.
Mrs. Wright, 7 Castleford Grove, Sparkhill, Bir'ham.
Miss A. Riches, 167 Howard Rd., Barking.
Miss K. Martin, 27 Morton St., Joppa, Edinburgh
Miss A. Weaving, 6a Althea St., Fulham

P.W. PENKNIVES TO—

E. K. Lintott, 52 Charlwood Rd., Putney, S.W.
Mr Ettery, 11 Reding Rd., Homerton, N.E.
C. T. Barton, 69 Leslie Rd., Leytonstone, N.E.
J. Fordham, 51 Gt. James St., Hoxton, N.
H. Firth, 13 Wakefield Rd., Ossett, Yorks.
Miss A. Dunn, 6 South View, Morris Pk., St. Budeaux
H. Williamson, 1 Alexandra Crescent, Leeds.
H. Walters, 60 Penton Place, Kennington, S.E.

STYLOGRAPHIC PENS TO—

J. E. Whelan, 139 Manningham Lane, Bradford, Yksh're.
A. Langford, 13 Windlade Rd., Brixton, S.W.
W. Hope, 9 McAslin Rd., Glasgow.
F. Mizen, 10 Alexandra Rd., Leyton.
J. W. Warsop, 258 St. Philip's Rd., Sheffield
Miss J. Penman, Hilcrest, Lenzie, Scotland.

SILVER CIGAR CUTTERS TO—

J. A. Hampton Haye House, Solihull, Warwickshire
R. J. Pritchard, 40 Littledale Rd., Egremont, Cheshire
W. J. Mahoney, 26 Rounton Rd., Bow, E.

SILVER PENCIL CASES TO—

J. A. Wynn, 336 Gleadless Rd., Heeley, Sheffield
Mrs. W. H. Robertson, 3 Earlston Rd., Liscard, Cheshire
M. Collins, 15 Northumberland St., St. Burdeaux
S. Caroline, 23 Ashmead Rd., Birkenhead, Cheshire.
Miss Hutherary, 371 New Cross Rd., S.E.

BRIER PIPES TO—

H. Jerome 21 Trafalgar St., Manningham, Bradford, Yorks.
J. R. Osborn, 113 Creek Rd., Deptford, S.E.
C. Doggett, 53 St. Michael's Terr., Dublin.
Miss E. Wood, 6 Royal Crescent, Holland Pk. Ave., W.
B. Whitaker, 12 Palace Square, Upper Norwood
Mr Wells, 6 Cameron Rd., Seven Kings, Essex.

SILVER-HEADED HAT PINS TO—

Miss W. Brooks, 55 Warwick Rd., Birmingham
Miss M. S. Gray, 4 Cavid Drive, Partick, Glasgow.
Miss D. E. Wolf, 78 Paxton Rd., Tottenham
H. G. Wooldridge, 53 Vicarage Rd., Lye, near Stourbridge.

So carry your "Pearson's" in your hand, And see what we will give you.

SUSSEX CONSTABLES ARE TOO STOUT.

"A bomb has just dropped in the midst of the Sussex police with tremendous force," says a daily paper. "The chief constable has intimated to them, with painful frankness, that many of them are much too stout." In view of this statement, our cartoonist makes a few weight-reducing suggestions which the Sussex force may care to adopt.

You all know that nursery rhyme about Jack and Jill and a pail of water.

Quips and Jestlets

GAVE IT TO HIM.

Chortles: "Well, sir, I gave it to that man straight, I can tell you. He is twice as big as I am, too, but I told him exactly what I thought of his rascally conduct right to his face, and I called him all the names in the dictionary and a lot of others as well."

Editor: "And didn't he try to hit you, Chortles?"

Chortles: "No, sir, he didn't; and when he tried to answer me back I just hung up the telephone receiver and walked away."

"YOU don't seem to know what you'd like for your birthday, Freddy," said his mother. "Here's a printed list of presents for a good little boy."

Freddy read over the list, and then said: "Mother, haven't you a list for a bad little boy?"

A MAN went to address a Sunday school unprepared. Thinking to be funny, he asked this question:

"What would you do before so many bright boys and girls, who expected a speech from you, if you had nothing to say?"

"I'd keep quiet," replied a small boy.

Ted: "I hope you gave your girl a birthday present that will cause her to long remember you."

Ned: "I don't know about that; but it's a constant reminder to me, for I bought it on the instalment plan."

HER "HUBBY'S" NIGHTCAPS.

A LADY crossing from France to England was asked by the Customs officer if she had anything to declare. She assured him that she had nothing but wearing apparel in her trunks; but at the bottom of the large one, which to him seemed the most suspicious, were found twelve bottles of brandy.

"Madam," said the officer sarcastically, "do you call these wearing apparel?"

"Certainly!" she replied sweetly; "those are my husband's nightcaps."

"WELL, old man, how did you get along after I left you at midnight? Get home all right?"

"No; a confounded nosy policeman hauled me to the station, where I spent the rest of the night."

"Lucky dog! I reached home."

"THEY turned the X-ray on my brain at the hospital, but found nothing."

"What did they expect?"

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

Young Surgeon (in hospital after having just removed the patient's leg): "Does the operation meet with your approval, doctor?"

Head Surgeon: "Very well done, only for a slight mistake."

Young Surgeon: "Why, what's the matter?"

Head Surgeon: "You've amputated the wrong leg!"

Mrs. Newed (outside poulterer's): "John, dear, do you think chickens are good when they look so red about the head?"

Mr. Newed: "No; they're probably blushing to think what a price is asked for them."

Conductor (gruffly): "Did I get your fare?"

Passenger (meekly): "I gave it to you, but I don't know whether you got it or the company."

"I can't make out why I, who am so lucky at cards, should be so infernally unfortunate backing horses!"

"Ah! You forget, old sport, you're not allowed to shuffle the horses!"

WAS MIKE ALIVE?

Two Irishmen were working on the roof of a building one day when one made a misstep and fell to the ground. The other leaned over and called: "Are yez dead or alive, Mike?"

"Oi'm alive!" said Mike feebly.

"Sure you're such a liar Oi don't know whether to believe yez or not."

"Well, then, Oi must be dead," said Mike, "for yez would never dare to call me a liar if Oi wer alive!"

BIRTHDAY NOTES.

Mon., February 24.
There are two places where the "House full" sign never is displayed. In Heaven there is always room for one more—and in the other place.

Tues., February 25.
If men would not gossip so much about the gossip of women, women would have less to gossip about.

Wed., February 26.
A man is never so utterly unoriginal as when he is love-making or praying.

Thurs., February 27.
If woman makes all the trouble in life, it's woman who makes life worth all the trouble.

Fri., February 28.
Half the time while the man is thinking "I wonder if I dare?" the woman is thinking "I wonder why he doesn't?"

Sat., March 1.
What is success? Only failure with a fresh coat of paint.

Sun., March 2.
A woman who has once laughed at her husband can no longer love him. A husband must be for his wife a being full of strength, greatness, and authority.

SHE KNEW THE ROPE GAME.

Old Salt: "Yes, mum, them's men-o'-war."
Sweet Young Thing: "How interesting; and what are the little ones just in front?"
Old Salt: "Oh, them's just tugs, mum."
Sweet Young Thing: "Oh, yes, of course; tugs-of-war. I've heard of them."

EXPENSIVE TREATMENT.

"SPEAKING of doctors' bills," said Cooper, as he lit a cigar, "I have recently had revealed to me a depth of nerve which I supposed was possessed only by gasmen and plumbers. You know young Dr. De Ploma?"

"Yes."

"Well, you know when he came here to practise he was very sweet on my daughter, Floss, for a while."

"Yes."

"Well, one cold day last summer she met him in town when she was out shopping, and he asked her to have a cup of coffee at a restaurant."

"Very nice."

"Wait. A little while after that he popped the question, and Floss threw him over."

"Poor fellow!"

"Yes, poor fellow! But he had his wits about him, and yesterday I got this bill:

James Alfred De Ploma, M.D.
Consulting hours:
12.1 a.m. to 11.59 p.m.
C. Cooper, Esq.
To attending daughter ..... £1 1s."

REGARDLESS OF COST.

THE assistants of a large linen-draper's shop were preparing for the yearly sale. "What shall I mark that lot of black silk?" asked an assistant of the employer.

"Mark the selling price 15s. a yard," was the answer.

"But it only cost 10s. a yard!" said the astonished employee.

"I don't care what it cost—I am selling it regardless of cost!" retorted the shopkeeper.

Irate Father: "I'll teach you to kiss my daughter."

Freddie: "Not at all necessary, sir—I have just learnt!"

Sid (who has been trying to open the larder door): "It's no good, Tom, not one of the keys will fit."

Tommy: "Well, then, all we can do now is to wait until mamma comes home, and ask her for something for being good boys."

"My dear, I was one of the very first to leave," said a man who, on returning from an evening party, was greeted reproachfully by his wife.

"Oh, you always say that!" she retorted.

"Well, I can prove it this time, anyhow!" insisted the husband. "Look in the hall and see the gold-mounted umbrella I've brought home."

HIS GREAT MISTAKE.

"OH, Jack, old fellow! Haven't seen you since your wedding, two years ago. How goes matrimony?"

"Very well, thanks. By Jove, it's expensive comfort! My wife's dressmaker takes most of my salary. If I had known——"

"You would have remained single, eh?"

"No, no; but I would have married the dressmaker."

"DOROTHY, why were you away from school yesterday?" asked the teacher. "Was it on account of the inclemency of the weather?"

"No! It was because it rained," answered Dot.

"I FEAR I have made a mistake."

"Why?"

"He proposed in a taxi. The minute I accepted he paid the bill and we got out and walked."

OUGHT TO BE GLAD.

"YOU are very naughty, today, Johnnie!" exclaimed his mother.

"Well, you got sumethin' to be thankful for," replied the boy.

"I should like to know why?"

"That I ain't twins."

"MR. Pecos is altogether too literal."

"How so?"

"The last time he was at my house I told him to make himself thoroughly at home, and in less than five minutes he had quarrelled with my wife, kicked the cat out-of-doors, discharged the cook, spanked the baby, and told me I was a fool."

"HAVE you a circulating library?"

"No, madam. I am afraid we are quite out of them. But I can show you a revolving book-case."

"I SUPPOSE, like all amateur fishermen, you caught a lot on your last fishing trip?"

"Didn't I, just! I caught the last train, a severe cold, and a lecture from my wife."

DAY OF GRACE.

THE young undergraduate was hauled before his tutor. He had exceeded his leave by no less than two days.

"Well," said the professor, "what have you to say for yourself?"

"I'm awfully sorry!" replied the undergrad. "I really couldn't get back before. I was detained by most important business."

The professor looked at him sternly. "So you wanted two more days of grace, did you?" he asked.

"No, sir," answered the young man, off his guard for a moment—"of Marjorie."

—I want you to rewrite it in rag-time verse. Not more than ten lines.

DEAD MAN'S GRIP

By ARTHUR APPLIN
AND
ELIZABETH GLAYDE.

CHAPTER LXIX.

Jephson's Jaunt.

THOMAS CHRISTIAN JEPHSON walked home from Deborah Kirke's house in Beagle Street to his own rooms. It was a good long walk, but he wanted a breath of fresh air.

And as he walked along he laid his plans for his holiday.

He could really start on his holiday now! And he smiled, and looked up in the sky as if in search of that rare visitor to London, the sun!

Plenty of sunshine in Paris and the South! Again Jephson smiled.

A holiday would do poor old Benjamin Blenkington good, too! And Jephson's face grew serious again. A wistful look crept into his eyes.

Strange he had never really seen Blenkington until that afternoon. He had been too busy trying to discover his secret and the problem of "C. W." Yet it wasn't often that Jephson looked at a man without seeing him—or seeing "into him" would perhaps be the better way of describing it.

And he had looked at Blenkington often enough.

He had seen Brand the moment he set eyes on him. And at the thought of Hesketh Brand, Jephson's lips tightened and his eyes glinted. Quite a big account to settle with that gentleman!

Jephson's nostrils dilated like a warhorse scenting battle. He felt impatient for the attack. His methods were a little slow sometimes, but always sure. He seldom left anything to chance or took a risk.

Yet for once in his life he had gambled—gambled on the actions of a man and woman at a crisis in their lives. For he had just left Blenkington alone with the woman who had cried so fiercely for revenge. Alone with the woman whose husband he had killed!

He had gambled on Deborah Kirke.

He was so sure of her. He knew she would behave—just as she had behaved. Blenkington was safe!

A big man, Blenkington, he reflected, as he climbed the stairs of his lodgings; a fine fellow. Rather than sell the honour of a dead man to his widow, rather than rob her of her faith he had held his tongue and refused to plead or excuse himself for an old, half-forgotten crime.

Yes, a big fellow. A man!

Jephson shut the door of his sitting-room and passing into his bedroom he drew forward a chair and sat down. He happened to find himself sitting opposite the mirror on his dressing-table, and staring at his own reflection!

He shook his head a little sadly. "Haven't noticed your ugly face for a long time," he apostrophised himself. "Been too busy, I suppose. Don't think much of it now I do see it! Looks as if a course of cod-liver oil and sunshine would do it good."

He sighed. "It'll be useful, very useful!"

He puckered up his eyes and leant back in his chair and looked more critically at his reflection—as an artist looks at a picture he is in the act of painting, or at a model he is going to draw.

"Very good! Very good indeed! You called me an acrobat, Mr. Brand, the other day. By Jove, you nearly hit the mark, but not quite! Not an acrobat, but perhaps a——"

He yawned and rose. No time to waste if he were going on this splendid holiday Blenkington suggested. Curious, whenever he thought of Brand he was anxious to start.

Almost seemed as though he were running away!

Ringing the bell, he told his landlady that he was leaving that night. Going away for a change of air. Hadn't quite decided where he'd go. No need to forward letters.

Then he packed his sponge-bag, razors, and some linen, into a small suit-case. He walked out of his lodgings and got into a west-bound omnibus. He changed at Oxford Circus and entered another omnibus, which took him to the corner of Wellington Street, near the Strand.

He walked along, gazing into the shops until he came to one which seemed to fascinate him. A most peculiar shop, full of peculiar things.

Jephson began to laugh. His interest in the window excited the derision of a crowd of small boys. But Jephson seemingly had become a boy himself. At last he entered the shop, and made his way to the counter, where still more extraordinary things were displayed.

There were queer-looking people strolling about, too. Mighty interesting some of them!

Jephson recognised one or two. Knew their names. The women were more interesting than the men. As he commenced to nervously make his purchases one beautiful woman looked at him and smiled.

But Jephson was very much in earnest. It was the first time he had contemplated a holiday of the kind on which he had decided. It was necessary he bought with great care and discretion.

Considering that he spent over half an hour in the shop the parcel he carried away was an exceedingly small one. But Jephson guarded it jealously.

He made his way through Covent Garden now, along Henrietta Street, to the corner of Garrick Street. Here a large shop on the left attracted his attention. He entered and made further purchases—of a more substantial nature. These were packed in his suit-case, and Jephson asked that it should be sent to an address in the Strand—one of the smaller hotels not far from Charing Cross Railway Station.

He couldn't start immediately after all. He had just remembered a visit he must pay before he disappeared from London. There was not much time to be lost, so he called a taxi-cab,—a rare extravagance with Jephson. Obvious to anyone who knew him that he was intent on the affairs of a friend. Had it been his own business he would have walked or bused!

He drove to Philip Derwent's rooms and luckily found him at home.

Philip had to be told the whole truth about Joan Lester's father and Benjamin Blenkington. And then either Philip or he would have to tell Joan herself.

An ugly business.

Jephson sighed, and, taking off his hat, ran his fingers through his hair. What a lot of ugly work had to be done in this workaday world! If people only realised how their actions affected other lives!

Each thought a man allowed to take root in his heart and give birth to action was like a stone thrown into a pond; the little waves it created spread in ever-widening circles, stirring and moving, and setting in motion everything floating on the surface of the water.

Even so the good and evil deeds of men.

How little people realised their responsibilities!

Jephson still pitied Joan. But he was still mystified, because he still believed in her! Yes, in spite of the photograph. In spite of everything!

"You've got news for me, I can see!" Philip cried as he led Jephson into his den. "Out with it, man! Is it about Sally?"

Jephson shook his head. He had not forgotten Philip's little sister. Indeed, while he had been preparing for his holidays he had thought of her and made plans to find her.

"I have news, but not about Sally. Still, I hope to be able to find her for you soon."

Philip looked at Jephson, and his eyes gleamed. "You're a marvel. By gad, sometimes you make me feel positively nervous——"

"Why?" Jephson frowned.

Philip turned the conversation.

"Tell me your news. You haven't solved the riddle, cleared up the mystery of Joseph Lester's murder?"

"Your share in it!"

Jephson spoke without thinking. He was looking ahead. But he saw Philip change colour. And now he frowned. Of course Philip was a white man, as straight as a die. But Jephson was tired, and Blenkington and Deborah Kirke had just turned everything topsy-turvy. He sat down wearily.

"You discovered, to your cost, that Joan's father was blackmailing Mr. Benjamin Blenkington. I've found out how and why he blackmailed him. It's an interesting story. Listen and I'll tell you."

When he had finished Philip rose and stood with his back to the fireplace.

"I should never have thought old Blenkington could play the hero!"

"Life's full of surprises," Jephson said slowly.

(Continued on page 904.)

Mr. Geo. R. SIMS.

THE splendid significance of the Romany word Tatcho (which Mr. Geo. R. Sims, its illustrious discoverer, named his Hair Grower) is fully and faithfully lived up to in the proud product—worthy inheritor of a worthy name, which has changed despair into joy in a hundred thousand cases—Tatcho, the Hair Grower. Nothing but sheer merit, full worthiness, and utter genuineness, has placed and holds Tatcho where it finds itself to-day—the one reliable Hair Grower, truly, honest, genuine.

THE HAIR-GROWER—

Tatcho

Chemists and Stores everywhere, 1/-, 2/9, & 4/6.

TATCHO LABORATORIES,
5 Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London.

—On page 895 you will find an article on rag-time which may help you.

DEAD MAN'S GRIP (*continued from page 903*).

"And now, Derwent, you realise what one of us must do? Joan must be told everything."

Philip straightened himself. "No!"

Jephson rose. "Yes."

There was silence. The two men looked at one another.

"It would break her heart," Philip said slowly. "She believed implicitly in her father. Oh! Of course she was aware of what she called his little eccentricities and peculiarities. But blackmail! For a girl to be told that her father, whom she honoured and trusted, had for years obtained money by blackmail, it would be too cruel."

Jephson nodded and laid a kindly hand on Philip's shoulder. "Perhaps cruel, but only cruel to be kind! It is very decent of you, Derwent, not to want Joan to be told. I don't think she doubts you, but she is only human after all, and she must very often wonder why you refused to speak at the trial, to say what your business was with Blenkington on Hampstead Heath. You must clear yourself in her eyes. If you don't tell her she will probably hear the truth from someone else—from Blenkington himself perhaps."

"I would do anything to spare her suffering," Philip said softly.

"Then tell her, man, tell her! Remember people suffer in silence very often. It may hurt her to know her father wasn't all she thought him; but think of the joy it will give her to know there is nothing between her and you."

Philip nodded, but he turned away and walked across the room. Jephson followed him with his eyes. He saw that his thoughts had taken a sudden turn; he half guessed the direction they had taken.

"Yes, I will tell her," Philip said presently. "But I wish she would tell *me* about this fellow Kirke—Robert Kirke." He commenced to walk up and down. "D'you remember when the trial was over, Jephson, we came back here, and I found a bit of yellow kimono lying on the floor? I'll swear it belonged to the kimono which we—Blenkington & Co.—obtained to the order of Robert Kirke a long time ago, which I happened to deliver myself to the studio. Joan couldn't or wouldn't tell me how it came into her possession. When I was questioning her you interfered, and told me to wait, to trust Joan with her secret even as she was trusting me with regard to mine."

Again there was silence for a little while. Jephson broke it by asking Philip whether the date of his marriage with Joan had been arranged.

"Yes, the twenty-third—to-morrow week," the latter replied.

"And of course you would like to start married life without a single cloud on the horizon, knowing that neither of you had anything to hide from the other?" Jephson slowly nodded his head. "I understand—yet, if you will take my advice, you won't question her, Derwent. Perhaps she will tell you of her own free will. You must just be patient, and wait."

Philip shrugged his shoulders. "All right, I will try, but I can't get the beggar, Robert Kirke, out of my thoughts. Where is he now? If I only knew, I'd find him and have it out with him! Why can't you find him?" he cried impatiently.

A subtle smile parted Jephson's lips. "Perhaps I will trot him along, too, one day soon! Meanwhile dismiss him from your mind. Tell Joan everything, and ask her no questions." He held out his hand. "And now I must be off. I am going away to-night on my holiday."

"Going to-night!" Philip echoed blankly. "You won't be away long, will you?"

"I rather want a good rest."

"Of course you must. You have been doing the work of half a dozen men. It's beastly selfish of me, but we've all learnt to rely on you, Jephson. We shall miss you horribly. You will leave me your address, of course."

Jephson shook his head. "Sorry, but it's a real holiday. Oh, if there's anything, write, and I'll see that important letters are forwarded. Mark them 'Urgent.'" He put on his hat and walked to the door. "Give my respects to Joan. I shall come back for the wedding."

"Couldn't get married without you," Philip laughed. "I suppose for the present as far as Sally is concerned I must possess my soul in patience?"

Jephson nodded.

Waving Philip Derwent farewell, he walked quickly down the street. Derwent stood on the doorstep and watched him out of sight.

An enigma always, Thomas Christian Jephson. Now more of a puzzle than ever.

Derwent stood on the doorstep with his hands deep in his trousers pockets, his eyes fixed on the darkening sky. How on earth could Jephson have ferreted out the mystery of Caleb Wrench, Benjamin Blenkington, and Joseph Lester? . . . Surely it would be easier to find out what had happened to Robert Kirke, even to discover how and why a torn piece of yellow kimono came into Joan's possession.

Derwent sighed. Robert Kirke was the one cloud on an otherwise clear sky. The man seemed to haunt him. He instinctively felt that the woman he loved, his affianced wife, was somehow in his grip, that there was an invisible barrier between them.

He had argued with himself until he was tired. Of course he trusted her. And of course he trusted Jephson. Why, probably he owed his life to the latter.

Nevertheless he had an uncomfortable feeling that Jephson was keeping something back from him, just as Joan was doing. It was as though they shared a secret between them.

He was jealous—jealous even of a thought the woman he loved shared with another man. Yet at the same time he would have given a great deal to have stopped Jephson going away just at the present moment.

There was so much to be done. Poor little Olive to be found. That brute Hesketh Brand to be settled with. And Philip clenched his fists and his body stiffened. How he longed for just twenty minutes alone with Mr. Brand in a large, empty room!

There was Sally, too, his dear little sister. And, above all, the still unsolved mystery of Joseph Lester's murder.

It was extraordinary how helpless the police had shown themselves. It was extraordinary how helpless they all were—in spite of Jephson's wonderful work.

In the grip of an unseen power. If only the dead could speak!

And in imagination Philip Derwent saw old Joseph Lester, the miser, the blackmailer, smiling in his grave.

* * * *

Jephson walked slowly along in the direction of the Strand. It was a fine evening, there was no need for any great hurry now; there was plenty to think about,

TOO BUSY TO TALK.

Side by side in the moon's pale light,
Two figures sat in the early night.

One was a man who was half afraid,
The other a timid, shrinking maid.

A friendly cloud came over the sky.
And the man grew bold as it caught his eye.

He reached an arm and he turned his face,
And kissed that maid in the proper place.

And all was silent except for this:
The lonely echo of that one kiss.

She may have blushed or she may have not;
She silently sat in that self-same spot.

While the man no syllable spoke aloud,
But waited and watched for another cloud.

The cloud soon came, and another, too,
And he did what any man would do.

And still that maiden, who scarcely stirred,
Just sat and uttered no single word.

Until, as he gave her one on the cheek,
He cried: "Oh, tell me, why don't you speak?"

And the maiden said, with impatient sigh:
"Not now. Let's wait till the clouds roll by."

and he found it much easier to think when his body was active.

The faster he walked the faster came thoughts. Some of the thoughts that came to him were similar to those which were disturbing Philip Derwent. He realised what a vast amount of work there was to be done. He had started by taking little more than an outside interest in a murder, and, as far as murders can be commonplace, it was a fairly commonplace crime. But it had taken root and shot forth branches in numerous directions.

But Thomas Christian Jephson wasn't flustered. He reached the hotel in the Strand, saw that his suit-case and parcels had arrived safely, gave instructions at the Bureau, and was shown to a bedroom on the top floor overlooking the river. He was very fond of the Thames; it fascinated him. It was so mysterious, quite unlike any other river in the world. Above London Bridge a strange, deserted waterway—save for a few hundred yards of Victoria Embankment, despised and forgotten. He watched a couple of red-sailed barges drifting out of sight in the direction of the sea.

Then, looking at his watch, he put it under the pillow and, partially undressing, he rolled himself in a rug and, lying down on the bed, fell fast asleep.

CHAPTER LXX.
A Pigeon to be Plucked.

HESKETH BRAND heaved a deep sigh, pushed back his plate, unfastened a couple of buttons of his waistcoat, and called for the bill. The French waiter brought it in with a profound bow. Brand looked at it, swore he had been overcharged, and, after a heated argument, paid it and flung the waiter twopence.

And then he sighed again, and lolling back in his chair, rolled a huge corona cigar between his lips and arrogantly puffed a cloud of smoke across the table. He was dining out to-night, and he had done himself very well. He was in a good humour; he was always more prone to bully people when he was either very satisfied or very dissatisfied; in a normal mood he was too lazy.

He pulled out an imitation gold watch from his pocket and looked at it. Only nine o'clock—too early for the little gamble at Carnea's Club which he contemplated.

Putting on his hat and coat he left the restaurant where he had dined well though not wisely, and took his way to one of the cheaper music-halls. With his hat at the back of his head and his cigar protruding from his mouth at an acute angle, he stood at the front of the circle and watched a fat woman in tights inviting the audience vocally "To follow her down the town and have a spree!"

He joined in the chorus, and then applauded heartily. He didn't watch the next turn because it was trapeze artistes, and he realised that they were too clever to break their necks; so he stood with his back to the stage and stared at the men and women promenading round and round. Soon that became to bore him. He strolled up to the bar, ordered a whisky and soda, and tried to carry on a flirtation with the barmaid.

When he returned to the balcony a troop of performing dogs were going through their tricks, and Brand became interested. Performing animals always pleased him. They appealed to his sense of humour, he said they looked so ridiculous doing unnatural things; something unnatural whetted Brand's appetite. He enjoyed picturing to himself how they had been trained, the various tortures they had undergone. He had once met a professional trainer of dogs, one whose business it was to provide music-hall performers with animals, and he remembered being immensely struck by this gentleman's fiendish ingenuity in turning out canine acrobats. Only a few survived the ordeal, and he got high prices for those.

So Brand enjoyed the animal turn. He waited until the cinematograph, then he made his way out and slowly walked towards Soho. It was still a bit early for the gambling club, but he wanted a quiet word with Carnea, so he entered, and, having found that individual, buttonholed him.

After a preliminary skirmish Brand asked the proprietor how business was. The crafty Jew shook his head and his hands at the same time.

"Everybody seems to make money but the club. The young bloods from the West don't come here so much now." He edged closer to Brand. "You're a smart man, Mr. Brand, you are; don't you know a few likely young fellows you could bring along, eh—some with more money than brains? Most of our clients seem to have more brains than money. It's no good to me. I shall have to retire soon."

"And take a house in Park Lane, I suppose?" Brand grinned. "You ought to get some women like Carnea—nice, pretty, lively girls! Have a bit of a kick-up now and then—a dance, you know!"

Carnea put his finger to his nose and shook his head. "Women make too much noise, so does music. We would have the police in in no time. I don't like women. Just a nice quiet girl now and then is different."

Brand nodded. "Where's the one I saw last—dark, rather pretty. Fresh-looking girl, but deuced quiet?"

"You mean——" Carnea checked himself abruptly. "I don't know her name; they call her Trilby here now. She suddenly started to sing one night, that's why. Oh, she comes sometimes. She's too quiet; I wish you would wake her up for me, Mr. Brand. You know—make her jolly and friendly."

Brand grinned. "I will! And, look here, Carnea, I've got a perfect gem I could bring you along one day, perhaps—as pretty as a peach, as fresh as a skylark, as innocent as a babe unborn." He was thinking of Joan. "She would bring the young bloods in. And, mark you, when I find a girl she does what I tell her—understand."

Carnea gesticulated with his hands. "Bring her along, my boy—bring her along!"

Brand closed one eye and laid his hand on Carnea. "I shall want paying!"

"Well, trot her along first. I don't mind paying for a good thing. Anyone who can bring the money in always gets his share here. But the room is filling up; it's time we started playing."

Brand followed him upstairs into the large room where roulette was played. The game soon started, but there were not enough people playing to please Hesketh Brand. He had his superstitions, and he liked to see a lot of money on the table, so he went below to the card-room, but all the tables were made up, and there didn't seem much chance of getting a game there.

He was out for blood, though; he wanted to gamble, he had got some cash of "Robert" Kirke's. Lucky money! He looked round the room rather irritably. If he hadn't wanted to play there would have been scores of people pestering him.

His eyes lighted on an old man seated at

near the door; he held a half-smoked cheroot in the fingers of a very dirty hand. He had rather thick grey hair, closely-cropped grey whiskers, moustache and beard; a hooked nose suggested the Jew, yet there was something very innocent in his expression. His clothes were dirty and ill-fitting, but of good quality. And he was wearing gold spectacles, and on one of his dirty fingers Brand noticed a diamond ring flashing.

He also saw a small diamond pin in his badly-tied cravat. Having nothing better to do, he sat down at the table and spoke to him. Diamonds and dirt attracted Brand always—both were a weakness of a certain type of very rich man.

"I come here to get a game of something or other," the stranger said slowly, speaking with a slight German accent. "Don't seem a chance, though. It is a dull sort of glub."

"You're a new member?" Brand asked.

"Ya. I like a game of cards, or a leetle flutter at roulette, just for eg-citement and to pass der time, dat's all. Don't play for money."

"Oh!" Brand's interest waned. "What do you play for, then—chocolates?"

"Der eg-citement. Der stakes dey seem ver low here."

Brand sat up at that and lit his cigar, which had gone out.

"There's roulette going upstairs," he suggested.

The stranger nodded. "I vill join it directly, but I'd love der game of cards; more eg-citing, is it not? It's dat eg-citement I vant. Ven von begins to get old dere are not many things left to egcite von." He looked straight at Brand. "Don't you like der eg-citement?"

"Yes. Yes, by gad, I do!"

Brand began to feel interested in this queer old man. In spite of his simplicity there was something sinister about him which appealed to Mr. Hesketh.

"What do you say to a game of piquet, just to pass the time?"

The stranger yawned, and Brand noticed that one of the front teeth in the upper jaw was missing. "I vood like it."

Cards were called for, cut and dealt. "By the way, my name is Brand—Hesketh Brand—what's yours?"

"Richard Wagner. . . . Vot points are ve playin'? Five shilling?"

"You mean—— That's rather high, isn't it?"

"Ve must make it eg-citing." Richard Wagner yawned. "Your deal, mister."

Hesketh Brand dealt, wondering what he had got hold of. It rather looked as though he had struck oil.

Piquet was his lucky game, and he dealt himself a good hand. They played for three-quarters of an hour, and Brand won each game.

"Let me see, that's a fiver you owe me."

"Is dat all?" Wagner asked lazily. He drew a leather case from the pocket of his dirty frock-coat and, taking out a bundle of notes, tossed a fiver to Brand.

"Shall we go on?" the latter asked eagerly.

Wagner yawned and glanced towards the staircase. "Ve vill try de roulette: this is not eg-citing enough. And I fancy I saw a rader pretty ankle going up dose stairs just now." He smiled horribly.

Brand rose and linked his arm in his new-found friend's. "Got an eye for a pretty face evidently. I expect that's the girl they call Trilby," he said. "But I wi'l introduce you to a tip-topper one day!"

"De-lighted—if she's eg-citing."

They entered the roulette room. It was nearly full now. Play was beginning to run high. Brand found a couple of seats at the head of the table. He wasn't going to let Richard Wagner out of his sight. Not only had the man got plenty of money but he was amusing. A sportive old devil.

As they took their seats Brand nudged him and nodded towards a girl sitting nearly opposite them.

"Is that the little bit of fluff you saw going upstairs just now?"

Wagner nodded. "I exbect so. You can introduce me py-and-pye, if you like."

"It'll cost you something," Brand grinned. "That is Trilby; she hasn't been here long; she's a bit quiet, they say."

"Den ve must vake her up!" Richard Wagner said, carelessly throwing a couple of sovereigns on to the table, at the same time he quietly slid a bull-eye into his mouth.

Brand licked his lips, and his piggy eyes gleamed. It looked as though he was going to get a bit of fun out of Mr. Richard Wagner—a man after his own heart!

CHAPTER LXXI.

Deborah Kirke's Wedding Present.

IT was the eve of Joan Lester's wedding-day.

To-morrow morning she would become the wife of the man who had held her fair name and her happiness far dearer than his own honour or his own life.

To-morrow she would be safe at last in Philip Derwent's love. The dark shadow of the unhappy past would fade and pale before the bright fire of their mutual love.

Robert Kirke, who had forgiven her, and had, as Joan believed, sent her a message of goodwill by the woman to whom he had been married a week ago, would trouble her no more.

A delicious scarlet flooded her fair cheek at the thought that to-morrow she would be Joan Derwent; and although she was alone in the room she bent her bright head, as if to conceal her girlish agitation, low over some dainty garment to which she was adding a pale-blue ribbon as a finishing touch.

The filmy lawn thing was part of the simple trousseau which she had prepared for herself, and which was even now upstairs waiting to be packed, and to be transferred to her new home with Philip—the tiniest, prettiest house to be found in Surrey.

It was a wonderful thing to think of as she sewed away—the future with Philip—to spend the rest of their lives together. And to-morrow they were to begin everything afresh in the tiny, dear little cottage, quite in a real country lane, and yet within easy reach of London for Philip.

So she sewed, and so she dreamed her rose-coloured dreams.

But it would be very long before Philip Derwent's wife would wear that dainty be-ribboned garment, and very long before her rosy dreams would come true, for, unknown to her, a dark shadow was slowly and surely approaching her on noiseless feet—the shadow of one who could find no rest in the grave, the shadow of a man who had sworn that the past should never die, that the future also should be his, even though green waters played with his bones and had long ago closed his black eyes for ever.

The postman's knock at last roused Joan from her reverie. She looked up with a smile as the door opened, and good Mrs. Cox entered with a letter in her hand.

"How are you gettin' on, my dear?" she inquired, giving her the letter. She wiped her hands carefully on her apron, and took up Joan's work. "There, to be sure—my, ain't that pretty? Fit for a queen, Miss Joan. Not but that I reckon Mr. Derwent thinks you far and away above any queen."

Joan's pretty tremulous laugh rang out. She laid the letter in its unknown handwriting on the table beside her and gazed proudly at the pretty feminine trifle snowwhite against Mrs. Cox's red and coarse but kindly hands.

"And I hope, Miss Joan," continued the good woman, with an affectionate glance at the girl she served so well and so willingly, "that it won't be long before you set about making another trousseau."

"Another?" repeated the amazed Joan.

"A very little one—lots of little tiny clo'es—all manner of little tiddy things—*for your first*, Miss Joan, my dear. And may it be soon, and another soldier for the King, God bless him."

Joan's soft eyes fell again, and again the lovely scarlet painted her cheeks, for there is a blue-eyed dream-baby cradled in the heart of every woman, whether she loves or not. And Joan, who loved Philip Derwent with all the strength of her young heart, had imagined a tiny, large-eyed child tumbling about on the small, daisied lawn of the very tiniest and prettiest suburban cottage which from to-morrow would be her home.

All the time the letter lay forgotten upon the table.

"But, there," said Mrs. Cox, in her sudden way, "I mustn't stand here clackin' and jawing away like this, with Mr. Derwent coming to tea any minu'e, and me with all my packing to do still."

For Mrs. Cox, to her exceeding joy, had been selected by Philip as the only possible handmaiden fit to cook for his bride and himself, the only handmaiden who would really adorn Honeysuckle Cottage, with its brand-new carpets and furniture.

She lumbered heavily out of the room, and Joan, folding up her dainty needlework, caught sight of the forgotten letter.

She opened it dreamily, and flung the envelope in the fire: it was probably a message of goodwill from somebody at Blenkington's.

At the first words she started; the colour left her face and the light her eyes. She glanced at the signature, and then read the letter steadily from beginning to end. It was not a long one, only a few lines.

"If you want the child I will arrange to bring her to you *on one condition*. You know what I mean. I am willing to forgive your treatment of me, if you'll only come to your senses. Come, Joan; no more shilly-shallying. You know as well as I do that *it's got to be*."

The note was signed "Hesketh Brand," and the address at the top was that of his new rooms in West Kensington. Since the kidnapping of Olive, Hesketh Brand had given up his old rooms. Jephson had discovered. Probably he had feared lest Jephson should communicate the loss of little Olive to the police, might suggest that, as a first step to her recovery, they should interview the man who had taken her away from Foot's Cray.

Brand had no desire for a closer acquaintance with the law.

He knew that the police were asking questions and

(Continued on page 908.)

WHAT DYSPEPTICS SHOULD EAT.

A PHYSICIAN'S ADVICE.

"Indigestion and practically all forms of stomach trouble are, nine times out of ten, due to acidity; therefore, stomach sufferers should, whenever possible, avoid eating food that is acid in its nature, or which by chemical action in the stomach develops acidity. Unfortunately, such a rule eliminates most foods which are pleasant to the taste as well as those which are rich in blood, flesh and nerve building properties. This is the reason why dyspeptics and stomach sufferers are usually so thin and emaciated and lacking in that vital energy which can only come from a well-fed body. For the benefit of these sufferers who have been obliged to exclude from their diet all starchy, sweet or fatty food, and are trying to keep up a miserable existence on gluten products, I would suggest that you should try a meal of any food or foods which you may like in moderate amount, taking immediately afterwards half a teaspoonful of bisurated magnesia in a little hot or cold water. This will neutralise any acid which may be present, or which may be formed, and instead of the usual feeling of uneasiness and fulness, you will find that your food agrees with you perfectly. Bisurated magnesia is doubtless the best food corrective and antacid known. It is not a medicine, and has no direct action on the stomach; but by neutralising the acidity of the food contents, and thus removing the source of the acid irritation which inflames the delicate stomach lining, it does more than could possibly be done by any drug or medicine. As a physician I believe in the use of medicine whenever necessary, but I must admit that I cannot see the sense of dosing an inflamed and irritated stomach with drugs instead of getting rid of the acid—the cause of all the trouble. Get a little bisurated magnesia from your chemist, eat what you want at your next meal, take some of the bisurated magnesia as directed above, and see if I'm not right."

IF YOU CANNOT WALK

Send for my FREE BOOK.

FREE to all an illustrated Book telling about the famous Dingwall-Witham Hand-Propelled Tricycles or Bath-Chairs—something different from others—Two Speeds (powerful hill climbers) and Free Wheel. Saddles, wicker seats, etc., as preferred. In one of these machines you are rendered quite independent of other people—can get out in the fresh air unaided—go to and from your business if you wish. Designed by an invalid and cycle engineer. Highly recommended in *British Medical Journal*, etc. If you know anyone unable to walk, cut out this advertisement and show them. Trials arrange at London Works.

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STUDY THE ADVERTISEMENTS, and when writing to advertisers mention "Pearson's Weekly."

Chivers' Fruits

Cooked and Sweetened :: Ready for Use. ::

Most of my readers possess an F.A.F. Lent Box. I want some good stories.

DEAD MAN'S GRIP *(continued from page 905.)*
were looking out for the child, and he had instructed the man at Rachel's old rooms to say that the little girl was abroad with her mother, and the date of her return was as uncertain as her exact whereabouts, should any blue-coated officer of the law pursue his inquiries there.

The same story had been told to Jephson and Joan as Brand had foreseen. Whether it would be believed or not he was uncertain—very uncertain. But they could only suspect, and then he remembered with a thrill of evil joy Jephson's deep-rooted and vaunted contempt of the police system. Jephson would confide nothing to the police, and whether Olive Strode were abroad in her mother's care—or still in Brand's guardianship, she was out of Jephson's reach. He would require a very long arm who could wrest the child out of Hesketh Brand's clutches.

Joan read the letter with an awful sick feeling at her heart. Brand's letter was purposely vague—a precaution he had taken lest Joan should show it to Jephson or Derwent—it might mean that he could arrange with Rachel Strode to send back the child to England, or it might mean that she was in Brand's hands. She knew that Brand intended her to read the latter meaning—she knew in addition that he intended to convey to her that Olive was in danger—that Joan alone could save her.

Olive in danger? That tender, fragile little girl threatened by Hesketh Brand. Joan's blood ran cold at the thought. What could he do to her? Torture her. Would it be physical or mental? Black eyes haunted her—stared at her wistfully out of a child's white face. Olive—starved—beaten perhaps. He was capable of it—a tiny helpless child.

What answer could she send him? And the price of Olive's safety was the same as that for which Hesketh Brand had offered to sell her the letter which would free Philip Derwent—her own dishonour.

What ought she to do? It was impossible to pay the heavy price he demanded—to-morrow she would be Philip Derwent's wife. What could she do to save the child she loved—the little nameless daughter of Robert Kirke? Should she tell Philip? It would only open all the old wounds again. He would tell the police, and if the police found Brand, who knew but that in his spiteful revenge and balked fury he might not say something about Robert Kirke. Point him out as her father's murderer. Now that she was so nearly safe, so nearly Philip's wife, it would be terrible.

Suppose the whole frightful story were known—suppose Philip heard from Brand that she had been Robert's wife—accused her of deceiving him, suppose it killed his love? No, Philip must not know. Later, perhaps, she would obtain Robert's permission and tell Philip herself the story of the marriage. And Philip, because the story came from her, would trust her and understand.

No, Philip must not see Hesketh Brand's letter. But Mr. Jephson, he knew about that other thing when she had started on that journey which had so disappointing an ending. She would show it to him, make him promise never to tell anybody about that terrible condition. He would find Olive. Like Brand, she realised with satisfaction that Jephson despised the average police methods. He would tell nobody, but in his quiet, subtle way, he would trace the little lost child and bring her back to Joan.

She heard Mrs. Cox in the little front passage, and hurriedly placed Brand's letter in the little bag purse which hung from her waist. From such trivial acts spring dark-seeming consequences, as Joan was to learn.

The door opened, and the worthy old soul reappeared, this time carrying a large dress-box bearing upon it Benjamin Blenkington's unmistakable label.

"There, my dear," puffed Mrs. Cox, laying the box heavily upon the table. "A present from some of the young ladies at Mr. Blenkington's, I daresay—or from Mr. Derwent himself perhaps. Open it, my dear, while I go and see to my pancakes. I'm giving you pancakes for tea, dearie, seeing as 'ow Mr. Philip made such an amazin' good show at them w'en we 'ad them for dinner last Sunday week. I've got one already in the pan now, and it'll go 'eavy as a brick if it ain't fried at once, and ate the next minute. 'E'll be 'ere in a minute, bless 'is 'eart."

Talking until the door closed behind her, Mrs. Cox pounced downstairs to regions sacred to herself and her mystic culinary rites, to deal with the pancakes waiting so patiently to be fried.

Joan cut the string and lifted the lid of the box and the tissue paper which shrouded the contents. A little sigh of girlish pleasure escaped her in spite of her heavy heart—for the box contained a wonderful selection of garments that a queen might wear on her wedding-day. Hand-made lace and French lawn, transparent silk and dainty ribbons, tiny, almost invisible tucks, every one run by a patient hand, snowy raiment for a young bride—for they were unmistakably bride's garments.

Joan, womanlike, thought sadly of the simple little clothes she had made herself—how different were these wonderful, glorious things! Who could have sent her [illegible] The box was one of Blenk[illegible] k on the lid was one in Nort[illegible]

She pulled some of the lovely things out of the box, searching for a card, or a letter explaining to whom she owed this glorious surprise.

As she unfolded them she saw embroidered initials on a lace-edged handkerchief, "J. K."

She cried out suddenly because it seemed that something was slowly draining her heart. J. K., *Joan Kirke.*

She lifted up one regal looking trifle after another, every one stamped her as Robert Kirke's wife.

At the very bottom of the box, with a great piece missing from the shoulder, was the yellow silk kimono she had cause to remember so well. She knew now—she understood at last. These fine clothes, with their ribbons, their Irish lace, their beautiful needlework, were the trousseau which had been hers as Robert Kirke's bride. The trousseau which, with the exception of the kimono, she had never worn.

It had been sent to her on the eve of the happiest day of her life—her marriage with her lover, Philip.

Who had done this devilishly cruel thing? What fiend had sent her these radiant clothes to mock and taunt her with the past which she had believed to be dead, or at least dying? Whose hand had gathered together the exquisite things, had folded them so neatly, had packed them with such scrupulous care, and had, in a bold, strong, unfamiliar handwriting, addressed them to Philip Derwent's bride-elect?

Had Robert and Rachel after all been playing a diabolically heartless game with her when Rachel had assured her that she was free to marry again? Who else but Robert could have gained access to his studio, and have brought away this boxful of finery? It must have been Robert. Was he in England again? It was only a week since his marriage to Rachel. Had they been in England all the time—was the story of going abroad only a story? Had they decided that London is the best hiding place for a fugitive? Oh, what did it mean? One thought after another thronged her tortured brain. One wild conjecture after another buzzed at her like stinging gnats.

Suppose that at the last minute Robert should arrive and claim her as his wife. Suppose that was the reason of this trousseau—it was the clothes she was to wear as Robert's wife.

And hanging over the back of her chair was the simple little garment which she had finished with such pride—only an hour ago, was it?—thinking as she threaded it with pale-hued ribbon who would see her wear it. And now she was Joan Kirke again—Joan Kirke—Robert Kirke's wife. The words sang in her ears, she put up her hands instinctively as if to shut them out. She shut her eyes so that she might not see the fairy, pretty clothes that Robert Kirke had chosen for his wife.

"Joan, what's the matter, darling? Joan?" Someone touched her arm, she turned round dizzily, and swayed into Philip's arms.

(Another dramatic instalment next week.)

RESULTS OF FOOTLINE COMPETITIONS.

"NEW" CONTEST.

In this contest five watches were offered for new names suitable for girls, and for the best lists of three names the prizes have been awarded to the following:

H. Banks, 71 Castlegate, Berwick-on-Tweed; T. Cheesbrough, Netherfield, Notts; Miss L. Laidlow, Cefn-Bryn, Swanage; T. S. Nunn, 112 Bridge St., Mile End, E.; P. S. Turner, 385 Croydon Rd., Caterham Valley.

"TALKS" CONTEST.

"Money talks," it is said, and readers were asked to imagine what a sovereign might say to them, if in possession of one. For the five best "sayings," prizes of stylo pens were offered, and were won by:

Miss A. Dawson, 18 Powell St., Heckmondwike; P. F. Doyle, 37 Windsor Ave., Fairview, Dubl[illegible] Eshelby, 7 Calvert Rd., Hastings; W. Newnham, [illegible]ory Rd., W. Croydon; H. Percy, 7 Cringle Rd., Levenshulme, Manchester.

"LINES" CONTEST.

Prizes of five electric hand lamps were offered for the best sentences, made up of words selected from any ten, or less, consecutive lines on p. 826 of P.W., dated February 8th. The following were the winners:

T. S. Allen, 4 Elphin Grove, Walton, Liverpool; J. C. Ellis, Clegane House, Buttevant, Co. Cork; S. J. Johns, 39 Percy Rd., Goodmayes, Essex; A. E. Peach, Tower Hill, Templecombe; T. Sullivan, 2 New Dock St., Galway.

"HONEY" CONTEST.

In this contest it was asked why "spoony young men" call their sweethearts "Honey," and for the best answers submitted the prizes of five half-crown postal orders were thus awarded:

G. Balgar, 85 Gt. Western Rd., Glasgow; A. Collins, 59 Gordon St., Scarborough; E. Collins, Binton Station, Stratford-on-Avon; H. S. Goodyer, 36 Villa Rd., Handsworth, Birmingham; W. Hall, 2 Sunnyside Terr., Outwood, Wakefield.

"KNOWN" CONTEST.

Competitors were requested to suggest methods by which a person might get himself known and talked about should he so wish, and for the best ideas sent in five watches have been allocated to the following:

D. D. Brown, 135 Kenelm Rd., Small Heath, Birmingham; H. Groves, 11 Forest Terr., Stroud Rd., Gloucester; C. Rhodes, 3 Stone Terr., Newark; C. S. Skilton, Sea View, Terry Rd., Pennar, Pembroke Dock; E. Winton, Roslyn, Clearview St., Jersey

GROWS NEW HAIR IN THIRTY DAYS.

Most men take baldness as something inevitable, as though it were a kind of Income Tax or Water Rate—though why, it passes understanding. There is no more reason why hair should cease to grow on the top of the head than on the sides of the face—and most men have to shave to the end of their days, or wear a beard. If you are finding the hair growing grey or getting thin in patches, buy a bottle of Harriett Meta's Hair Tonic, and use it according to directions. As a business man you know the value and the meaning of a guarantee. Well, the chemist who sells you the bottle will give you his *own* personal guarantee that Harriett Meta's Hair Tonic will prevent your hair from falling out, grow new hair on the bald places, and turn the grey and faded colour to its natural shade, or *give you your money back* any time within thirty days. You can get this guarantee from leading chemists everywhere, including: Boots, Cash Chemists, all branches; Lewis and Burrows, all branches; Taylor's Drug Stores, all branches; Timothy White and Co. (Limited), all branches; Parke's Drug Stores, all branches, the Army and Navy Stores, Harrod's, Whiteley's, Selfridge's, and the Junior Army and Navy Stores.

P.S.—Do not be too prejudiced to try this because it is a woman's preparation.

HOW TO GET RID OF CATARRH.

A Simple, Safe, Reliable Way, and it Costs Nothing to Try.

Those who suffer from catarrh know its miseries. There is no need of this suffering. You can get rid of it by a simple, safe, inexpensive home treatment discovered by Dr. Blosser, who, for over thirty-six years, has been treating catarrh successfully.

His treatment is unlike any other. It is not a spray, douche, salve, cream, or inhaler, but is a more direct and thorough treatment than any of these. It cleans out the head, nose, throat and lungs so that you can again breathe freely and sleep without that stopped-up feeling that all catarrh sufferers have. It heals the diseased mucous membranes and arrests the foul discharge, so that you will not be constantly blowing your nose and spitting, and at the same time it does not poison the system and ruin the stomach, as internal medicines do.

If you want to test this treatment without cost, send your address to Dr. Blosser Ltd. (Dept. 18B), 8 Bouverie Street, London, E.C., who will send you by return post, enough of the medicine to satisfy you that it is all they claim for it as a remedy for catarrh, catarrhal headaches, catarrhal deafness, asthma, bronchitis, colds and all catarrhal complications. They will also send you free an illustrated booklet. Write them immediately.

C. B. FRY ON KEEPING "FIT."

The ordinary man who does not need to "train" for special athletic events will find much valuable information on maintaining good general health in Mr. Fry's handbook, "Diet and Exercise for Training." To those who seek distinction in athletic fields the book is indispensable. In this small but very useful handbook the famous Oxford Blue sums up the result of his years of experience of training. As might be expected, he deprecates extremes in any direction, and what he says is as valuable to the ordinary man as to the would-be champion. The close relation between "training" and general good condition is clearly shown, and Mr. Fry's hints on keeping "fit" show how easily the average man can maintain himself in perfect health.

The book—neatly bound in stiff boards—is small enough for the pocket. It gives tables of exercise and of diet, and is crammed with information vital to those who know how to appreciate the blessing of health.

The book will be sent post free on receipt of 3d. in stamps. Address: C. B. Fry's Book Dept. P.W., 6[illegible] Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

—On how they got it filled. Stories should not exceed fifty words. ☞

STARVING AT THE POLES.

Plucky Explorers Who Have Only Just Missed Captain Scott's Sad Fate.

"EXPLORING in the Arctic and Antarctic is just a gamble with death—with odds on the side of death."

This is what Shackleton said just before he started on his last expedition.

How true his words were, recent events have shown. And Shackleton himself had a similar experience to that of poor Scott, only he just managed to win through, while Scott and his brave comrades died when almost within sight of plenty.

It happened during his return journey in 1909, when he got to within less than 100 miles of the Pole. Shackleton and his fellow-explorers were quite without food, weak, and utterly worn out, when they picked up their first provision depot in the waning light after one of the hardest day's marches they had been called upon to perform.

Had they failed—and their success was due more to good fortune than anything else—they must inevitably have perished.

Another striking instance is furnished by the adventures of Mr. Aubyn Trevor-Battye while ice-bound on Kolguev, an island in the Arctic Ocean. Stumbling along in a blizzard with one companion, famished and nearly frozen, they almost fell over a low "choom" (native skin hut) in a spot where no natives were supposed to be.

Saved by Two Samoyeds.

Pulling aside the flap, they crawled in. "At first," says Mr. Trevor-Battye, "we thought the place was deserted. The whole floor was a mass of skins. Nothing remotely like a human being could be seen. And then the floor of the choom began to bubble and rise, as it were, and out of the bubbling came a little man and a little woman all clad in skins."

They proved to be Samoyeds, a curious race of little people, not unlike Eskimos in appearance, who had landed on the island to hunt for seals. They took care of the explorers, fed them, and cared for them until they were rescued by a relief ship.

Quite as lucky, and even more dramatic, was Nansen's meeting with Major F. G. Jackson amid the frozen wastes of Franz Josef Land in the summer of 1896. Neither explorer dreamt of the presence of the other, and the chances were about a million to one against their meeting one another. Yet meet they did, with the result that Nansen, and his heroic companion, Lieutenant Johansen, were saved from certain death. They had left their ship, the *Fram*, over a year previously, and were at the end of their resources.

When Commander Peary, after his unsuccessful dash for the North Pole in 1906, had to retire with the loss of all his dogs and equipment, he and his party reached Hazen Land in a starving condition. They had eaten their skin boots, and had not a single mouthful of anything left.

Ate Musk Oxen for Forty-Eight Hours.

Now, Hazen Land lies to the north of Greenland, which is all covered with an ice-cap. It was not supposed for a moment that any land mammal would be found there. Yet hardly had the famished explorers set foot on shore when, to their unbounded surprise and delight, they fell in with a herd of seven musk oxen, killing them all.

Such a feast! For two days and nights they sat round their tiny fire of moss and willow twigs, inside their "igloo" of frozen snow blocks, and ate continuously, with only occasional brief winks of sleep. For forty-eight hours the banquet lasted, and when it did at length come to an end the pile of cleaned bones outside their shelter told its own tale.

The late Captain Scott and Petty Officer Evans, again, only narrowly escaped in the year 1903, when Scott discovered the South Magnetic Pole.

On their return journey their food gave out ere they had reached the first of their chain of food depots. It had been placed at the foot of a "nunatak" (mountain-top jutting through the ice-cap), and this they failed to locate.

Blank despair settled down on them, when Evans' caught sight of the tiny black blob far off to the eastward of the course they were pursuing.

Of course, they immediately turned aside and hurried towards it. But their enforced haste nearly cost them their lives ere they got there; once through tumbling into a crevasse, and once through falling over an ice cataract, an immense congealed Niagara more than 200 feet high.

Picture Pars

We pay 2s. 6d. for each paragraph accepted for this feature.

We cannot undertake to return unsuitable contributions unless stamped, addressed envelope is inclosed.

TO BALANCE THE BARROW.

THIS illustration shows a street-hawker's handcart fitted with spring legs.

Each leg is made in two pieces, and on to the lower piece is screwed two thin sheets of iron. These irons are made long enough to come partly over the top half of the leg, to which they are attached by the bolt A.

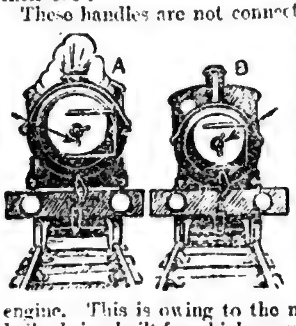
The cord B is fastened on to the leg so that it can be lifted for the cart to be wheeled without upsetting its contents.

A spring is fastened at one end to the bottom part of the leg, and the other end is attached to the top of the leg to draw the raised half back into an upright position.

These spring legs are most useful to street-hawkers, who are constantly being moved on by the police.

FUNNELS TO FIT TUNNELS.

YOU no doubt have noticed the two small handles on the front of a railway engine, and wondered as to their use?

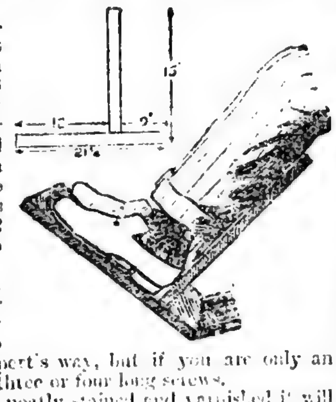


These handles are not connected with the steam, as may be at first supposed, but are simply the levers by which the boiler-door is fastened, and when they are turned the door can be opened and the boiler cleaned.

Another point you may notice about the latest engine is that its chimney is much shorter than that of the older type of engine. This is owing to the new type of locomotive boiler being built for a higher pressure and set higher on the engine, as seen in illustration A, hence the chimney must be shorter to allow the engine to pass through tunnels which were built to suit the old engines.

LEG AND FOOT REST.

THIS useful leg and foot rest can be made at home for a few pence, and will be much appreciated when you are having your evening read and smoke by the fireside.



All that is required is about 37 inches of ⅞-inch board, of about 8 inches wide. Cut off 15 inches for the leg rest, and fix it 9 inches from the end of the other board. This will leave about 12 inches on which to rest the foot.

If you are ... expert carpenter you will naturally fasten the two boards in an expert's way, but if you are only an amateur just use three or four long screws.

If this board is neatly stained and varnished it will be smart as well as useful, and, if you like to be very "comfy," pad the top with cotton-wool and cover with a cheap material which can be tacked on with small brass-headed tacks.

MOTOR-'BUS MUDGUARD.

THIS illustration shows a mudguard which is in use on all the motor-'buses in Paris, and which we trust will soon be adopted by English 'bus-owners.

It is simply a strong sheet of leather which hangs from the axle-cap and catches all the mud which splashes out, thus saving pedestrians.

WEEKS OF RHEUMATISM.

"For weeks I was laid up with rheumatism," says Mr. W. Wheller, of 16, Waterloo Road, Wellington, Somerset "At times the pains were almost unbearable. They took me in the hip and across the small of my back. There was pain in relieving the bladder, and other signs of kidney trouble.

"I had attacks like this whenever I caught a cold, but recollecting that my mother had been greatly relieved by Doan's Backache Kidney Pills, I thought I would try them. I am glad I did, for I soon had great relief. I kept on with the pills until I felt quite cured, and I have had no such attack since. I would recommend the pills to anybody. (Signed) W. WHELLER."

When the kidneys fail, uric acid gets left in the blood and causes rheumatic attacks, gravel, stone, headaches, dizziness, backache, or dropsy. Doan's Backache Kidney Pills help the kidneys to throw off uric acid, and so reach the cause of the above symptoms.

In 2s. 9d. boxes only; six boxes, 13s. 9d. *Never sold loose.* Of all dealers, or from Foster-McClellan Co., 8, Wells Street, Oxford Street, London, W. Be sure you get the same pills as Mr. Wheller had.

"I CANNOT SLEEP!"

The man or woman from whom is wrung this bitter cry is in grave danger. If the sleeplessness be only partial it may, and if neglected will, develop into acute insomnia. It is during sleep that Nature replenishes and rejuvenates the nerve forces. If Nature is denied that restful condition the whole system is laid open to serious trouble.

SHATTERED NERVES

are an early symptom—a solemn warning that something must be done. Neglect that warning and illness perhaps mental affection—is not far off. Drugs won't cure; they may relieve, but not permanently. Medicine is useless. Nature wants SLEEP, and wants it produced naturally. Now—

THE GIFT OF SLEEP

is the title of a little book dealing ... with a sane and proved treatment—without drugs or medicine—which, in a natural, simply explained manner brings blessed sleep. This little book contains an offer of Sleep to the Sleepless and a promise of Healthy Repose. It is FREE, quite free, and a postcard will bring it to-day. Send for this valuable book, "The Gift of Sleep"—FREE. Write—

B. COPSON GARRATT (60 Magnetaire Rooms), 1 Finsbury Square LONDON, E.C.

"HOMES OF COMFORT AND STABILITY."

HIGH-GRADE

SECOND-HAND FURNITURE

ON EASY TERMS.

Half the Cost and DOUBLE THE WEAR OF CHEAP NEW GOODS.

MONTHLY BARGAIN LIST POST FREE.

SPECIMEN BARGAINS.

Bedroom Suites from	£5 15 0	Dining Room Suites from	£3 10 0
Bedstead & Bedding ,,	£1 15 0	Carpets (thousands) ,,	10 0
Drawing Room Suites ,,	£3 15 0	Extending Dining Tables ,,	£1 2 6
Luxurious Easy Chairs ,,	£1 17 6	Fine and Lofty China Cabinets ,,	£3 0 0
Overmantles ,,	9 0		

and thousands of other bargains equally cheap.

Any of these goods can be obtained on our well-known terms of Easy Payments at a small percentage rates.

USUAL EASY TERMS.

£5 worth ...	4/- monthly	£20 worth ...	11/- monthly
£10 ,,	6/- ,,	£30 ,,	16/- ,,

Larger amounts in proportion.

Enquiries courteously solicited.

[illegible] ... feet of showroom space filled with £ ... worth of ... Deliveries daily. Country Orders Carriage Paid.

W. JELKS & SONS

(ESTABLISHED OVER 50 YEARS)

263, 265, 267, 269, 271, 273, 275, HOLLOWAY ROAD, LONDON, N.

DEPOSITORIES—2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, EDEN GROVE (adjoining).

[illegible]

Removal Contractors (Estimates Free).

Good Class Second-Hand Furniture Bought for Cash.

— *For the five best stories I will give Half-crown Postal Orders. Mark postcards "Filled."* *(See page 914.)*

Kings and Queens of Cinema

MERRY RUTH ROLAND.

A Girl Who is Very Useful With Her "Dooks."

RUTH ROLAND is one of the trio of beautiful women known as "The Three Kalem Graces," the other two being Gene Gauntier and Alice Joyce.

She is an American girl, having been born in San Francisco on August 26th, 1892, and she began playing children's parts when only four years old. When barely six she was taken by her parents to Honolulu, in the Sandwich Islands.

Here her appearance in "Little Lord Fauntleroy" created a big sensation, for no child actress had ever been seen upon the stage there prior to her visit. Afterwards she toured California, and the Western States generally; and two years ago, attracted by the novelty of the work and the active, open-air life, she started playing for the pictures.

A fearless horsewoman, and a splendid all-round athlete, Miss Roland is particularly clever with the foils and the boxing gloves, and in regard to her skill with the latter, she underwent, recently, a somewhat unpleasant experience—unpleasant for her and still more so for the other party to the affair.

On the Point of the Jaw.

It happened in connection with a film called "Strong-arm Nellie," in which the actress was supposed to knock out two ruffians who tried to take advantage of her loneliness. One of them received the upper-cut in approved stage fashion, and only appeared to be counted out. But the other, who was required to be floored by a left-hander, delivered straight from the shoulder, either leaned too far forward, or else Ruth misjudged the length of her reach.

Anyhow, the unfortunate actor received so smashing a blow on the point of the jaw that he "took the count" in real earnest, and was incapacitated by his injuries from further rehearsing for the best part of a week. Nor did Ruth escape altogether scathless, for the force of the blow, which was, of course, as unexpected as it was unintentional, barked the skin off her knuckles and partially dislocated her little finger.

Miss Roland has met with some nerve-trying experiences in the course of her picture-acting—what photo-player has not?—but only once, she says, was she really frightened.

Saved from a Rattlesnake.

"It was when," she remarked recently to Mr. P. Doubleyou, "I was rehearsing for a film entitled 'The Loneliness of the Hills.' Garbed as an Indian girl, I was posing alone in a wilderness of sand and sage-brush in Southern Arizona, the operator and my fellow-actors and actresses being some distance away.

"It was not a scene that called for any action to speak of, and I fell to meditating. The desert was still as death.

"Suddenly there sounded, close under my feet, an angry hiss, followed by a noise like a lot of dried peas being shaken violently together in a tin box. Instinctively I sprang to one side, and only just in time, for an enormous rattlesnake uncoiled itself and darted upwards at me with its deadly fangs.

"It missed me by a few inches, and as it gathered itself back for another strike I stamped on its head. But the soft Indian moccasins I was wearing failed to do it any great harm, and in my flurry and excitement I stumbled and fell almost on top of the slimy, poisonous thing.

"Luckily, my comrades came running up just then, and a second later one of the company, Mr. E. Coxen, had pounded the reptile to death with the butt-end of a rifle he was carrying. It was a near thing though, for I found out afterwards that the snake's poison-fangs had penetrated one of my buck-skin leggings and slightly grazed the skin."

The Bright Side He Saw.

Miss Roland is one of the merriest girls alive; the Americans call her "Happy Ruth," and the papers over there term her a "regular cut-up," whatever that may be. Like most people who have learnt the secret of being jolly at all times and in all places, she likes to try and teach others to be the same, and hereby hangs a tale.

It concerns one of her fellow artistes, a minor performer, who lived in a cottage near the spot where the company was playing. One morning he turned up at rehearsal with a very long face, and, following her usual custom, Ruth hastened to cheer him up.

"You should try to be happier," she said. "Why don't you look on the bright side of things! There *is* a bright side, you know!"

"I know," said the mournful one, more mournfully than ever. "I've been looking on the bright side of my house for the last half-hour. It's burnt right down to the ground!"

An Idiotic Indian Joke.

Once, however, Miss Roland's normal good temper suffered a sad set-back, as the result of a practical joke that was played upon her by some individual whose identity—perhaps luckily for himself—has never transpired.

As most picture-play lovers are aware, Ruth specialises in Indian parts, and in order to make up for them she has to stain her skin with a specially-prepared mahogany-coloured concoction, which, while impervious to water, will come off immediately when washed with cream.

On this occasion she noticed an unusual smell in the liquid, but went on with her part blissfully ignorant of the fact that the brown coating was drying hard and fast on her round, rosy cheeks and plump, white arms.

After the drama had been filmed Miss Roland washed in cream as usual, but, lo, she remained as brown as before. A second and a third application made no difference, and a hurried investigation revealed that somebody had mixed some turps with the brown dye. As a result, Ruth remained an "Indian squaw" for nearly ten days. She is still looking for that practical joker.

(*Next week: Miss Lottie Briscoe.*)

"SONNY," OF WARD B.

A Tale That Needn't Have Been Told.

"SONNY" was a cripple and had been sent to the hospital in the hope that the doctors, with their loving skill, would be able to set him upon his feet again, a strong and healthy little man.

To "Sonny," Ward B. was a paradise. Quiet, smiling nurses gave him everything he wanted—except health. The doctor, a great, bearded man who looked like Robinson Crusoe—so "Sonny" said—came every day and patted him on the head, put a funny little instrument to his chest, and generally slipped a few sweets into his wasted white little hand.

Robinson Crusoe—The Doctor.

"Sonny's" father had died long before he could remember, and his mother did all sorts of odd jobs to keep body and soul together. Most of her time, however, she spent sewing, sewing, sewing, day after day in a tiny stuffy room that had never known, since it was built, the meaning of fresh air.

There "Sonny" had been brought up, and then "Sonny" had sickened. His mother couldn't spare the time to nurse him or give him the tender care which he required, and he had been packed off to the hospital to make friends with everybody.

Even "Robinson Crusoe," the doctor, felt an extra touch of sympathy for "Sonny"; and it was with difficulty that he made up his mind that he was well enough to leave the hospital. There were other little "Sonnies" waiting, however, many of them in a far worse plight than this one.

"It will kill him!" said the nurse when the doctor told her that "Sonny" was going.

"What he wants now is a fortnight by the sea," said the doctor. "That will put him on his legs again."

"I don't know how it is going to be done, because I know his mother starves herself as it is to give him food when he's at home. She certainly won't have any money to send him away to the seaside."

The doctor shook his head and continued his round. If he could he'd have seen that "Sonny" had had that fortnight, but then there were hundreds of little kiddies under his care who all wanted that fortnight, and more.

How To Help "Sonnies."

Fate drove "Sonny" back to the stuffy little room to watch his mother stitching for his little life. But the fight was a hopeless one from the beginning. In three months "Sonny" was dead.

There are hundreds of "Sonnies" in every big town. Won't you help them?

If you will, send, then, for a Fresh Air Fund Savings Box *now*. It is a little Lenten Savings Box, and every sum of ninepence dropped into it gives one child a whole day's blissful holiday in the country. Every ten shillings put into the little box pays all expenses for a fortnight's summer holiday at the seaside.

Write to-day for a savings box, if you have not yet done so. A postcard addressed to the Hon. Secretary, F.A.F., 18 Henrietta Street, London, E.C., will bring it.

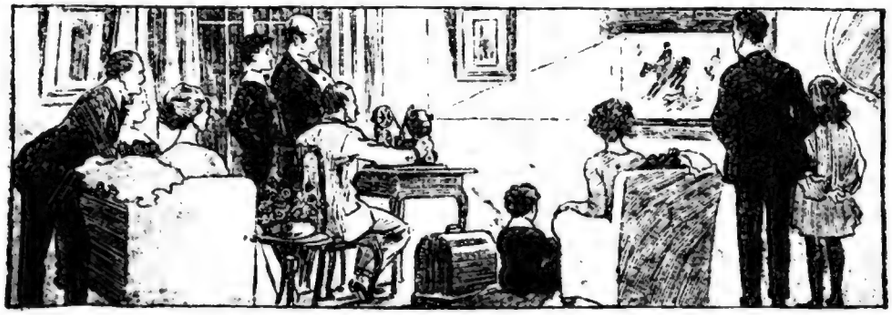
HAVE YOUR OWN PICTURE PALACE!

To win the Cinematograph Machine which we are offering, you have got to make a sentence or phrase of not more than four words the initials of which must be chosen from the letters in the word "CINEMATOGRAPH." You can use the letter "a" twice because it occurs twice.

Here is an example sentence which, of course, must not be used. "*Makes Evenings Go Pleasantly.*"

The sentence or phrase you make should have some bearing on the word "CINEMATOGRAPH."

Full particulars and conditions for winning the Cinematograph Machine, together with screen and film, appeared in last week's "Pearson's Weekly." The closing date is March 4th and envelopes must be addressed to the Editor, "Pearson's Weekly," Henrietta St., London, W.C. Mark your envelope "Cinematograph" in the top left-hand corner.



CINEMATOGRAPH COUPON

Write your four words clearly in ink.

.....

.....

I agree to abide by the conditions and to accept the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly" as final.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

There is no Entry Fee.

Now, ladies! Can you tell me "Why did the watch stop?" *(Turn to page 910.)*

SCOTTISH MINER WINS £60.

Mr. P. Doubleyou Goes Down a Coal Mine to Interview a "Middles" Prize-Winner.

OFTEN when I have called at the homes of prize-winners I have been informed that the person wanted was at work. So that they should hear my good news without delay I have simply asked to be directed to the particular warehouse, factory or workshop where they were employed, and there, amidst rolling machinery or bales of merchandise, have conveyed the Editor's message.

When Miss Pollock, of Muir Street, Larkhall, informed me, that her brother, the "Middles" winner I was in search of, was "at work down the pit" I had to ponder a moment before deciding to continue my search. However, I could not wait until Mr. Pollock finished work, so set off for a new experience, a visit down a coalmine.

Walking about a mile from Mr. Pollock's home I arrived at the Home Farm Colliery, when the under-manager, who has long been a *P.W.*, reader very courteously consented to take me down the mine.

Carrying safety-lamps we entered the cage and made the journey into the bowels of the earth.

Stepping out of the cage we went on until the under-manager exclaimed, "Well, here's Pollock!" But to my eyes, unaccustomed to the darkness, there appeared little more than a pair of eyes looking out from the coal. Getting more used to the gloom I was able to see that the eyes were those of a young miner of about twenty-five. This was Mr. G. R. Pollock whom I informed that he was the winner of £60 in "Middles" Contest No. 48.

The first reply to my message did not come from the winner himself but from a form I could scarcely see, one of his workmates, who exclaimed in amazed tones "Ye ha' made a guid shift tha' day, Pollock." Other voices of amazement and joy soon were raised, and for some time "Middles" and "Middling" quite put the men off work.

This is Mr. Pollock's first "Middles" prize. Having no special method of making "Middles" he has just carefully studied the words and sent in his "Middles" each week since last August, firmly making up his mind that his reward was sure to come, as it surely has, for is not £60 a record "shift" for any miner?

Every week "Middles" are getting more and more popular and, naturally, the prizes are increasing. This week the first prize is £300, the second prize is £50, the third prize £25. Then there are 700 prizes of 5s., and 1,000 consolation gifts. Turn to page 916 now and try to win the £300.

THE SMALL GARDEN BEAUTIFUL.

A Novel Competition for Amateur Gardeners.

IT is wonderful what the enthusiastic amateur gardener can do with a few square yards of ground. But it is only the enthusiast who takes the trouble to do his best with his tiny plot.

The majority of back gardens are a libel on the word garden.

Even those amateur gardeners who do their best are content as a general rule with a prim flower-bed in the middle of a tiny grass plot. There is not the slightest reason why a winding flagstoned path should not be made, or an arbour with a garden-seat to cut off an ugly angle, to add variety to the appearance of the average garden.

To encourage originality among amateur gardeners the Editor of PEARSON'S MAGAZINE is offering a number of prizes for the prettiest small gardens.

All amateur gardeners are asked to put forth their best efforts, to make their small garden the Garden Beautiful before next October.

A prize of £5 will be awarded for the best photograph of the prettiest small garden, and the senders of the five photographs which come next in order of merit will receive prizes of £1 each.

No garden of more than one acre in extent is eligible, and particular attention will be paid to photographs of small back or front gardens where, scope being limited, the greatest ingenuity and resource has been shown.

So far as possible photographs should give an idea of the garden as a whole, though pictures of any special part will be admitted. Photographs of greenhouses, window-boxes, or particular plants, will not be considered, however.

Full particulars of this very interesting contest will be found in the March PEARSON'S MAGAZINE, now on sale.

8 Wonder-Working Toilet Aids FREE

London Toilet Specialists Promise to send you Everything Required for Cultivating and Preserving Perfect Beauty of Skin—Teeth—Hair—and Complexion for 3d. Postage.

WRITE TO-DAY FOR PRESENTATION CASKET OF BEAUTY-HELPERS.

Eight wonder-working "Aids to Beauty" are offered to day to readers of *Pearson's Weekly* practically free.

"3d. in stamps" is all you are asked to send, and in return for these three penny stamps you will receive a most valuable and delightful eight-fold Toilet Gift.

The preparations it contains enable you to remove every wrinkle from your face, and every blemish from your complexion.

They enable you to remove all discoloration, roughness and redness from your hands and fingers.

A Delightful Dowry for Your Complexion.

These wonder-working Toilet-Aids dower you with a skin of snowy purity and a complexion of exquisite delicacy. They also enable you to keep your skin and complexion in this condition of perfection.

By doing this they keep you young. Youth is a matter of appearance. By your appearance the world judges you.

Write for these to-day. By return the postman will hand you a valuable Beauty Box. On opening this box you will find inside eight wonder-working Toilet Aids, some of which are illustrated here. They are as follows:

1.—A supply of the world-famous "Oatine" Cream for the Complexion, of which the following ladies speak as follows:

"I have been using OATINE for some time past, and I have no hesitation in saying that it is far superior to any skin food or cream I have ever used."—**Ruth Vincent.**

"Many thanks for the OATINE you sent me. I think it is delicious, and I shall certainly use no other from this time on."—**Gertrude Elliott.**

"Miss Terry thinks the OATINE Cream delightful, and says the fact of her sending for more speaks for itself."—**C. E. T., p.p., Marion Terry.**

"I should like to say that I have used your preparation, OATINE, and find it quite delightful. It is a pleasure to me to highly endorse it."—**Madge Lessing.**

"I have used your OATINE Cream, and I find it most cleansing and soothing to the skin; also your powder."—**Jessie Bateman.**

OATINE FACE CREAM is used by many who do not need an ordinary face cream, but desire to keep the skin healthy and youthful, because OATINE restores the natural oil to the skin which the alkali in soap and hard water is always removing. This oil is Nature's own protector and regenerator. If the skin is not assisted by the application of OATINE CREAM, then it soon becomes old and sallow and unable to resist the ravages of the weather and the dirt and grime in the air. The effect of alkali is to close the pores, choking them and thus causing pimples and blackheads to appear. OATINE FACE CREAM contains no animal fat as water creams do, and cannot grow hair. All chemists stock OATINE in white jars, 1/3; or larger size, holding three times as much, 2/6.

Then the reader will also receive besides the supply of Oatine Cream:

2.—A full-size 3d. Cake of the delightful "Oatine" toilet Soap, the acme of perfection in Toilet Soaps, it being scientifically compounded from the finest materials, including the healing and cleansing properties of Oats, which are well known as being good for the skin. It makes a soft, creamy lather, which cleanses the skin thoroughly. OATINE SOAP is sold by all Chemists in 10d. and 3d. Tablets.

3.—A full-sized 2d. packet of "Oatine" shampoo powder.

4.—A packet of "Oatine" oxygenated tooth powder.

5.—A packet of "Oatine" invisible face powder.

6.—A tin of "Oatine" salve for all skin abrasions.

7.—A tin of "Oatine" Snow, a greaseless cream for the complexion, hands, etc., made from the same base as Oatine Cream but absolutely greaseless.

8.—For men: A packet of "Oatine" shaving powder, which possesses special properties whereby it lathers quickly, giving a free, smooth, lasting, and agreeable lather which does not dry on the face. By reason of the special construction of the cap of the bottle it is possible to shake out just sufficient Powder for each shave, the rest of the Powder thus remaining dry and untouched.

9.—A 50-page book entitled "A beautiful face, a Matter of Culture," containing full directions for the use of the above, and a number of most invaluable hints for every woman who wishes to either attain or retain that perfection of beauty which is her right by natural law.

Here are some of the beauty blemishes and appearance-defects rapidly removed by the contents of the 8-fold Oatine Toilet Gift:

Wrinkles	Muddy Complexion	Dandruff
Crow's-feet	Greasy Face	Scurf & Dandruff
Pimples	Greasy Hair	Scurf & Dandruff
Chapped Hands	Sore Lips	Skin Irritation

WRITE TO-DAY, YOU WILL BE DELIGHTED WHEN YOU RECEIVE THIS 8-FOLD GIFT OF BEAUTY.

If you value your looks seize this opportunity to-day. Write now—and enclose 3d. in stamps with your application.

Write and See; Receive and Try; Try and you will be Delighted. One action follows the others inevitably. Begin by writing now—at once—and you are absolutely certain to end by being delighted. The Oatine Co., 169s Oatine Buildings, Borough, London, S.E.

This Toilet Outfit FREE.

THE WORLD'S BEST STORIES.

This Week's Little Lot

Quite Enough.

That very well-known doctor, Sir James Crichton-Browne, has been reproving us for our "sanitary apathy."

Sir James is a thorough Scotsman, but he does not mind telling a story against himself and his own countrymen. He says that during a visit to Jamaica, feeling a little lonely, he asked a coloured official: "Are there many Scotsmen in these parts?"

"Not many," was the reply; "just a few—*but quite enough!*"

A Big Bath.

The suggestion that the cross-Channel steamers should be fitted with a system of tanks that will keep the berths always level, and so prevent passengers from being sea-sick, has recalled a quaint little story.

A small child who had never seen the sea before was crossing from Dover to Calais one stormy day. She was, to put it nicely, very unhappy, and after bearing it for some time she exclaimed: "Oh, mummy, when *will* the ship get out of its bath?"

The Wedding Tie.

Mr. Wilkie Bard, the famous comedian, is telling an amusing story of a husband and wife who were always quarrelling. A friend called one evening and found them in the middle of a row.

After the storm had subsided a little he ventured to remonstrate with the husband.

"Look here!" he said; "you shouldn't quarrel like that, you know. Look at the dog and the cat lying together there on the hearth-rug. They get on very well together."

"Yes, they may," retorted the husband; "but you tie them together and see what happens then!"

Force of Circumstances.

In "Little Humorists at School," Mr. H. J. Barker tells a story of a school-mistress who asked one of the little girls in her class, the daughter of a man who was not always so sober as he ought to have been: "What is your father?"

"Please, miss," was the prompt reply; "when he's in work he's a bricklayer; but when he's out of work he's a teetotaler!"

Out of the Frying-Pan.

Mr. Weedon Grossmith, the well-known actor, has just published an amusing book of recollections, entitled "From Studio to Stage."

There are a number of good stories in the book, and one of the best, which Mr. Grossmith modestly tells against himself, relates to a play which had not been very favourably received on the first night.

On the following morning, while Mr. Grossmith was sitting in his club, Sir Augustus Webster came into the room. He had been in the theatre the night before and Mr. Grossmith had noticed him shifting about in his stall and looking very bored.

Mr. Grossmith reminded him of the fact. "I'm afraid you didn't care for me last night!" he said.

Sir Augustus looked a little embarrassed.

"My dear Weedon," he said, "I have seen you in everything you have played, and there is no actor I admire more than yourself. Your performance, as usual, was splendid, first-class. What drove me to tears was the play! But that wasn't *your* fault; *you* didn't write the dashed thing!"

Some friends standing near burst into laughter, and Mr. Grossmith made a rapid exit, leaving the others to explain that, though another name had appeared on the programme as the author, he *had* written the greater part of "the dashed thing"!

A Chapter of Accidents.

Mr. Grossmith always tells a story delightfully. Here, in his own words, is a little incident that occurred while he was living with his parents:

"I had returned home later one evening than I was accustomed to," he says, "and found my people sitting up for me and playing bezique. They had not finished their game, so I took up a newspaper to read.

"My father asked me whether I would take anything to drink; and on my replying in the negative, he said: 'Perhaps you're right.'

"I didn't quite like the way he said it, for there seemed to me a slight suggestion that I had already taken sufficient—a most unfounded suspicion.

"I continued reading, and presently drew attention to a case in which a police-constable had pursued a man up a tree.

"'Have you read this, guv'nor?' I asked.

"'Read what?' answered my father, rather testy at being interrupted in his game.

"'Why,' I said, 'about a Bolly up the tree.'

"'I don't understand you!' said my father coldly.

"'Bobby,' I answered, 'means policeman.'

"'Then you should have said "Bobby," and not "Bolly." Perhaps it's due to the lateness of the hour.'

"I confess I felt a little annoyed, and with some dignity said: 'My dear guv'nor, you surely don't suggest that I——'

"'I don't suggest anything, my lad. I think you are tired and should go to bed.'

"'I am a little tired,' I said, 'but there is no necessity to insinuate——'

"My father quietly remarked that if I meant *necessity*, it was spelt without an 'o.'

"Rising in my chair, with very great dignity, I said: 'Father, are you under the impression that I have been drinking?'

"He simply said: 'I am no judge!'; and went on with his game.

"I kissed my mother and wished her good-night; I bowed to my father with stilted politeness. But as I approached the door, I most unfortunately caught my foot on the rug and absolutely rolled on the floor.

"As I walked upstairs I heard my father say: 'Bolly! Necessity! Yes, it's quite time that boy went to bed!'"

Naturally.

A good story is being told of Mr. Gulland, M.P., the Government's Scottish Whip.

During a recent all-night sitting, when everybody wanted to go home to bed and couldn't, he passed a Liberal M.P. reclining on a bench, half asleep.

"Is this debate going on much longer?" the M.P. asked drowsily.

It was one of those silly questions with which Whips are for ever being bombarded, for, needless to say, no one—not even Mr. Asquith himself—could answer it with any degree of certainty.

Mr. Gulland was equal to the occasion, however, for he glanced at his questioner with the most sympathetic air in the world, and answered gently: "I think we're getting nearer to the end of it."

Apparently a Common Occurrence.

The late Lord Ilkeston used to tell some amusing stories.

One of them related to a party of Bank Holiday excursionists who were returning late one night after a trip to the seaside. One of these excursionists was a little, bald-headed man who had dropped off to sleep. On the rack above him was a big crab in a bucket, and about the same time that the little man went off to sleep the crab woke up and, finding things dull in the bucket, went for a walk along the rack.

Very carefully it clawed its way along, but when it reached the edge of the rack it suddenly slipped and fell with a bump, as luck would have it, on the sleeper's shoulder. Instantly it grabbed the little man's ear in an effort to steady itself.

The others passengers smiled and awaited developments, expecting a tremendous outcry. But the man only shook his head drowsily, and muttered: "Let go, Sarah! Let go, my dear! I tell you I've been at the office all the evening!"

BE ASSURED
that
TO INSURE
with the
OCEAN ACCIDENT & GUARANTEE
Corporation Ltd., Moorgate St., London,
secures
EASE OF MIND,
Safeguarded Interests
and
Liberal Compensation
TEN MILLIONS PAID IN CLAIMS.

ABOUT YOUR BIKE.

Some Useful Hints for Spring and Summer Cyclists.

Most cyclists now are getting their old cycles into trim for the spring and summer months.

The weather of the first few weeks of spring is, however, changeable, and the man who sets out on a sunshiny morning may return in pouring rain along muddy roads, bespattered and soaked to the skin. Here are a few dodges which will prove useful to the wise cyclist.

The first illustration shows a very necessary precaution the man who wears an overcoat should take when cycling. Unless he is careful the tails of his coat will catch in the wheel of the machine and throw him off.

Two buttonholes AA. are sewn to the lining of the coat, one on each side of the slit, and two buttons are sewn on at BB. The coat-tails are then folded over and buttoned, as shown in the picture.

Ordinary mudguards prove very ineffective, as a rule, if a road is very muddy. Cyclists know that mud has a habit of returning from the guard and leaving a nasty mark on the rider's coat. The device shown in the second picture will prevent this trouble, for it catches the mud as it is thrown outward. It has the advantage, too, that it can be easily fixed on to the ordinary mudguard by means of clips.

Tempted by warm sunshine, some cyclists leave their waistcoats off before starting for a ride, and return home feeling the chill of the evening breeze. A good substitute for a waistcoat is an ordinary sheet of brown paper, which should be placed across the chest, as shown in the illustration.

The fourth picture shows an arrangement which every cyclist who values his bicycle should use. It prevents the constant scratching of the handle-bar when the cycle is placed against a wall. A square of wood, a hinge, and a clutch fitted to the long piece of wood to hold the crossbar of the machine, are all that is required. Another advantage of this holder is that it is not in the way when the bicycle is absent, for it can be bent down parallel with the wall, as shown by the dotted lines.

The last illustration shows you a tip which will prevent all but the biggest nail or flint from entering your inner tube.

First of all get about five yards of lamp-wick, about one inch and a half in width. Secure this firmly with rubber solution all round the inside of the tyre directly beneath the "tread" in the form of a endless band. The tread will then be so thickened that any nails or thorns picked up in the course of a ride will do no damage.

—*One clever answer is: "Because it couldn't get tick!" I want better. (Turn to page 912.)*

Bournville Chocolate

Perfect chocolate flavour

Cadbury

A RUN ON RUBBER

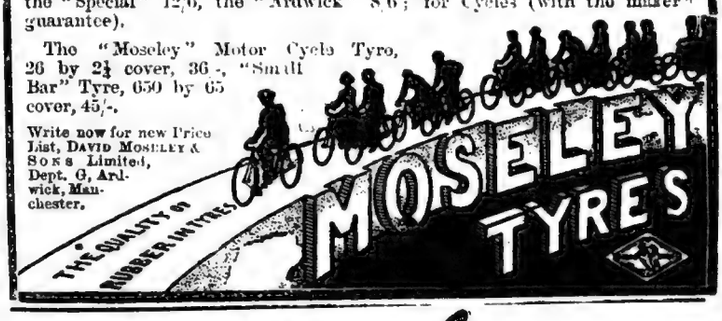
To the rider whose machine is well tyred the road seems paved with rubber. Have your machine fitted with MOSELEY TYRES. Their splendid resiliency is due to the purity of the rubber used, combined with the perfection of manufacture.

The MOSELEY TYRE, by its easy riding qualities and its long life, is the best Tyre value extant, and therefore the most economical.

Tyres at all prices—according to your needs. The "P.O." Quality 16/-, the "Special" 12/6, the "Ardwick" 8/6; for Cycles (with the maker's guarantee).

The "Moseley" Motor Cycle Tyre, 26 by 2¼ cover, 36/-, "Small Bar" Tyre, 650 by 65 cover, 45/-.

Write now for new Price List, DAVID MOSELEY & SONS Limited, Dept. G, Ardwick, Manchester.



PARK DRIVE

CIGARETTES

Park Drive Parodies. No. 8—'Where there's a will there's a way!'

10 FOR TWO COPPERS

Humber

C.145

A low-priced cycle of excellent quality — the "POPULAR" Humber.

Price	£6 10 0
Lady's Model	£6 15 0

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DAINTY DISHES.

Home-Made Cream Cheese (a use for sour milk).

Take any quantity of sour milk, leave it for three or four days to become quite set, then put into a muslin bag and hang over a basin for twenty-six hours for the whey to drop out into the basin. Add a little celery salt and mix up well with a fork.

Devilled Bloaters.

Take two or more bloaters, split them down the back, and remove the bone and roe. Lay them in vinegar for ten minutes, then take out, sprinkle the inner side with pepper, a little nutmeg, and some chopped parsley, fold over and fasten with skewers. Fry in very hot fat and serve on slices of hot toast.

Tomato Sausages.

Take two pounds of mutton, fat and lean together, and mince finely, then mash one pound of tomatoes and pass through a sieve. Mix the meat and tomato together with a spoon, add a seasoning of salt and pepper, bind with a beaten egg, form into cakes, flour, and fry in plenty of hot fat.

American Pie (a tasty way of using up the last scraps of roast beef).

Take the scraps of meat, mince finely, and place in a pie-dish; add a little gravy, salt, and pepper to taste, and a sprinkling of nutmeg. Cover this with a layer of fried onions, then with a layer of fried tomatoes, and spread the top with cold boiled mashed potatoes. Bake in the oven for about twenty minutes.

Fried Eggs and Rice.

Parboil some rice in salted water, then drain and simmer till cooked in some good gravy, to which has been added a teaspoonful of curry powder. When the rice is cooked arrange on a hot dish. Fry as many eggs as required in hot butter, taking care not to break the yolks. Lift them out, place them on the rice and scatter finely chopped parsley over all. Serve hot.

Savoury Carrots.

Take three or four large carrots, scrape, wash, and cut them into thin slices. Parboil them for a few minutes, then drain them and place in a pan with a piece of butter; sprinkle with a little white sugar and season with pepper and salt. Add half a gill of stock and allow all to simmer gently till the carrots are cooked, then add the yolk of a well beaten egg in half a cupful of milk and a little chopped parsley. Make all very hot and serve at once.

Fish Salad. (A nice Lenten Dish.)

Boil six ounces of macaroni, and cut it into one-inch lengths. Mix this with six ounces of any cooked fish, from which the skin and bones have been carefully removed. Arrange this in the centre of a dish, then wash two bunches of watercress, break off into small sprigs, and arrange as a border round the dish. Sprinkle a dessertspoonful of chopped parsley over the whole, and serve with any salad dressing.

North Country Pudding.

Take one pound of stewed apples. Then butter a pie-dish and place a layer of breadcrumbs at the bottom, sprinkle this with a little grated lemon peel and sugar, and then put a layer of the stewed apples. Fill up the pie-dish with alternate layers and cover with a thick layer of crumbled sponge cakes, to which have been added two ounces of ratafia biscuits—also crumbled. Sprinkle with caster sugar and squeeze a little lemon juice over the whole. Bake lightly and serve hot.

"MY MOTHER WAS A TERRIBLE SUFFERER."

"THE FREE PRESCRIPTION CURED HER."

"My mother thinks I ought to write and acknowledge the value of the free prescription you publish, as it is the only thing that did her any good. She has been a terrible sufferer for years. One doctor calls it Sciatica, another Neuralgia and Neuritis. The headaches were almost unbearable. The relief she obtained from the prescription was immediate, and we think she is now really cured.

"Perhaps I ought to state the prescription just as I cut it from the paper. I was told to ask our chemist for 60 grains of Kephaldol in tablet form. He supplied it at once. Two tablets gave instant relief, and it was not necessary for mother to take them all. Father was bad with Lumbago at the time, and the remaining tablets cured him."—Miss Jenkins, Liverpool.

The Little Dressmaker

Tells You How to Make a Princess Petticoat of an Old Blouse and Skirt.

No doubt a great many ladies have old white blouses and skirts which are a bit too shabby to wear as they stand. These will make up into very nice princess petticoats if they are done in the way I am going to tell you.

Diagram 1. Making the old muslin blouse into the petticoat top.

A muslin blouse and muslin skirt would be best of course, but almost anything would do, provided that it is not too thick. You might even use a white linen skirt with a different kind of blouse if you like.

Start by taking the sleeves right out of the blouse, and cut off the neck in the way shown by the dotted lines in Diagram 1. Face up the cut edges of the neck and arm-holes and trim them with little lace frills.

Now try on the blouse and cut it off at the bottom edge, so that it comes only to your waist; then draw in the fulness by a few little tucks at the middle of the back and the middle of the front.

Diagram 2. Turning an old white skirt into the petticoat skirt.

Now try on the skirt and see whether it wants shortening at all. If it does, you must either turn up the hem afresh, or take in a tuck just above the hem. Then put on a piece of lace or flouncing round the bottom by way of a trimming.

Cut off the old skirt band, and close up the placket if this happens to come at the side. You can't have a side placket on a petticoat, so you must sew up the old opening and make a new one down the middle of the back.

Take in the top fulness at the waist by darts till the skirt fits smoothly but not tightly. A princess petticoat should never be tight. If you make your darts carefully, you will have no trouble in getting a nice easy fit, which forms a good foundation for any dress.

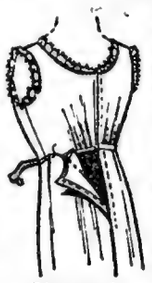


Diagram 3. How the old skirt and blouse should be joined to make the princess petticoat.

Stitch the skirt and blouse together at the waist, and put on a bit of insertion or beading to hide the join.

If you were using a blouse with a front opening, you must take away the box-pleat or whatever it is that happens to come down the front, run a seam up here to join the fronts, and then cut and face an opening down the middle of the back. I have seen princess petticoats that fasten right down the front in both bodice and skirt, but I cannot say that I liked them very much, as the buttons were always apt to show through the thin frocks that were worn over them.

Your respectful friend,

THE LITTLE DRESSMAKER.

ECONOMY IN THE WARDROBE.

ECONOMY in a woman's wardrobe consists far more in taking proper care of her clothes than in buying cheap ones. Cheap materials never wear well, while good ones, properly cared, will look well to the last.

When a dress or coat is not in use it should be placed on a coat-hanger (which can be bought for 1½d. at any outfitter's) and hung in a bag.

Every thing should be carefully brushed before being put away, as nothing is more ruinous to clothes than to be left muddy or dusty until next required. Hats should not be brushed in the ordinary way, as this spoils the shape. All the dust can be removed with a light flicking with a handkerchief.

Boots and shoes should have a little glycerine rubbed into them occasionally, as this softens and preserves the leather. Patent leather can be kept free from cracks by the application of a little butter well rubbed on every three or four days.

HOME HINTS.

A Patent Leather Hint.

When patent leather boots or shoes crack, rub a little ordinary blacking into the cracks and polish with white furniture cream or a mixture of sweet oil and turpentine.

When Washing White Blankets,

Dissolve a quarter of a pound of rock fuller's earth in boiling water, add sufficient cold water to cover the blankets, and leave to soak all night, then squeeze out and wash as usual. This will make them beautifully white and soft.

A Dustbin Hint.

After the dustbin has been cleared, burn a couple of newspapers, and, if available, a couple of handfuls of straw in it. This will remove all grease and damp and make the dustbin perfectly clean and sanitary and free from all unhealthy smell.

Hints for the Cook.

When Frying Fish,

Sprinkle salt in the boiling fat instead of on the fish. This prevents the fish from sticking to the frying-pan.

When Too Much Salt

Has been added to a dish, a dash of vinegar will remedy it.

When Cooking Cabbage,

Add a pinch of soda as soon as the water boils, and add the salt five minutes before serving. If the salt is added before the cabbage is cooked it will make it tough.

Some Hints About Carpets.

To Brighten a Carpet.

Take five or six large potatoes and scrape them finely into a pail of water. Stir, then strain. Wring out a cloth in the water and rub the carpet. Rinse the cloth as soon as soiled.

Should Soot Fall on a Carpet,

Sprinkle dry salt thickly over it, leave for a few minutes, then brush up. No trace of the soot will remain.

How to Use Turpentine.

A Cloth

Wrung out in turpentine brightens up old linoleum.

Turpentine

And beeswax make a good and cheap polish for floors.

A Tablespoonful of Turpentine

Added to a gallon of water when washing clothes makes them beautifully white.

A Few Drops

Applied to a blister sends the skin down and prevents soreness.

A Few Drops

Added to starch will prevent the iron from sticking.

Old Rags

Soaked in turpentine and placed near the holes of mice will effectually drive them away.

SLEEPLESSNESS, INDIGESTION,

AND KIDNEY DISEASE.

Pain-worn Housewife soon Cured by

Dr. CASSELL'S TABLETS.

Mrs. Dry, of 15 Prospect Terrace, York, writes: "For four years I suffered misery from indigestion and kidney trouble. I felt ill all over, with dreadful pains in my stomach and across my back. I had no appetite, and what I did eat just turned to wind, and I got so terribly weak and run down that I could hardly drag about. I was never really free from pain, and, worst of all, I could not sleep. All this time I was taking doctor's medicine, but nothing touched my complaint till I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets. That was the beginning of health for me. The pain all went, I could eat and sleep, and soon I was well and strong again." Dr. Cassell's Tablets are a revelation to those suffering from nerve and organic weakness, digestive and kidney troubles, and all diseases arising from physical debility in children or adults. Price 10½d., 1/1½, and 2/9 at all chemists. A free sample box sent on receipt of 2d. for postage, &c., to Dr. Cassell's Co. Ltd., 418 Chester Road, Manchester.

—For the ten best replies I will give Blue Bird Brooches. Mark postcards "Tick." *(See page 914.)*

Our Knowledge Tests

Six More Half-guineas Offered to Readers this Week.

DO YOU KNOW THESE SIX PHRASES?

1. **Getting the Wooden Spoon.**
2. **Penny-a-liner.**
3. **Mind Your P's and Q's.**
4. **Peelers.**
5. **Tawdry (Saint).**
6. **Fourth Party.**

They are everyday expressions, and I want you to explain them. I will give six half-guineas for the explanations considered the clearest and best.

First of all write the word or phrase you choose on the back of a postcard, and put your explanation in as short and precise a way as you can—in any case, you must not exceed fifty words—and sign your name and address in ink. Names and addresses may not be typewritten or printed.

You may send in your explanation of all the six if you like, but each must be written on a separate postcard.

Address your postcard to the "Test" Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and post it to arrive not later than Tuesday, March 4th. You may send all your postcards for this competition in one envelope, provided it is addressed as above.

AWARDS IN CONTEST No. 116.

(1) CUM GRANO SALIS.

The winning definition was contributed by C. E. Laurence, Walsby, Market Rasen, who gained the prize of 10s. 6d. for the following.

These Latin words mean literally "with a grain of salt." They have become proverbial to indicate that some sweeping assertion, some "tall story," must not be accepted without much reservation—flavoured, that is to say, with the salt of common sense.

(2) FREE LANCE.

This term was thus explained by the prize-winner, W. J. Boycott, Thorpe St. Andrew, Norwich.

An expression primarily applied to those mercenaries of the Middle Ages whose lance was at the service of any commander who would pay them. It is now used figuratively of all professions, more particularly with reference to unattached journalists.

(3) A FLASH IN THE PAN.

For the explanation which follows the prize of half-a-guinea has been awarded to J. W. Johnson, 5 Park Road, Manor Park, E.

In the old-fashioned flint-lock, the priming powder in the "pan" was often kindled by the falling spark without igniting the "charge," thereby producing no discharge of the gun, but merely a "flash in the pan." Hence, figuratively, the expression signifies a sudden, spasmodic, "showy" effort, resulting in complete failure.

(4) LAY PREACHER.

The explanation considered the best was received from W. H. Victory, 29 Cardiff Road, Newport, Mon., and was thus expressed:

A preacher who is not a clergyman or appointed minister, but one of the "laity" or people. "Lay" means "of or from the people," and comes from a Greek word meaning "people." Many Christian churches have organizations of "lay preachers" to assist the regular ministers.

(5) TO TURN TURTLE.

The prize in this contest was won by H. Howell, H.M.S. Excellent, Portsmouth, who wrote as follows:

This phrase originates in the catching of turtle by turning them over on to their backs, in which position they are helpless. The term "turned turtle" is commonly used at sea to signify that a thing is upside down. Thus a ship floating bottom-upwards is said to have "turned turtle."

(6) OLIGARCHY.

The attempt selected as the best was sent by A. F. Burdett, 392 St. Vincent Street, Ladywood Road, Birmingham, who contributed the following:

Greek *oligos*, "few," and *archo*, "I govern." A form of government in which the power is placed in the hands of a few, as opposed to a democracy (government by many) and autocracy (government by one). This was a common form of government amongst the old Greek city-states.

APPALLING DISCOVERY WHICH AFFECTS YOUR HAIR.

NATIONAL DANGER OF BALDNESS.

ROYAL HAIR SPECIALIST'S GENEROUS OFFER TO "PEARSON'S WEEKLY" READERS.

THE DISCOVERY.

Mr. Edwards, the leading Court hair specialist, and inventor of "Harlene Hair-Drill," has made an appalling discovery.

He has discovered that hundreds of thousands of ladies and gentlemen to-day are quite unknowingly doing their utmost to murder their hair.

These ladies and gentlemen, who are doubtless most particular over their appearance, are unconsciously actually cultivating baldness.

The distressing picture on the left, with the enlarged photograph of a hair and its root in the scalp, shows only too plainly how this is.

There is an accumulation of scurf literally choking the hair-root and allowing it no nourishment. The hair is being slowly but surely murdered.

"But I carefully wash my head and remove that scurf," someone replies.

That is a most appalling error.

Mr. Edwards has discovered that *no amount of washing* the scalp can remove anything but a small portion of this accumulation.

Think what this means. It means that you, who are so particular of your personal cleanliness, are actually permitting an accumulation of scurf and filth to collect on your head and thereby murder your hair. No wonder you are filled with disgust.

No hair can withstand the insidious attacks of this loathsome scurf.

You may not have noticed it yet, but this is what will surely happen.

Your hair will
—Lose its elasticity,
—Become brittle,
—Split at the ends,
—Lose its gloss and lustre,
—Become faded and grey,
—Fall out in handfuls.

Here you have in graphic form displayed the terrible nature of Mr. Edwards' discovery. The head on the left is the result of neglecting to drill your hair with "Harlene." Note the enlarged photograph of a single hair and see how the root is choked with scurf. On the right you see a Harlene Hair Drilled head with its rich growth of hair. Note again the enlarged photograph shown alongside the picture—note the absence of scurf, the entire cleanliness, and the healthy state of the hair. Your head is one of these two. Send to-day for the Free Sample Outfit, and make it the Harlene Hair Drilled head of rich, flowing hair.

BALDNESS, PARTIAL OR ENTIRE, THREATENS YOU.

Is it not a truly terrible prospect?

But Mr. Edwards has not only made this appalling discovery; he has gone further and furnished the remedy for this disgusting condition.

He has invented a secret process which enables you to thoroughly cleanse the scalp, dissolve away *all* scurf, and actually nourish the hair roots, producing and retaining that rich, flowing growth so much admired.

This secret method is the famous Harlene Hair-Drill as used daily by all possessors of flowing hair, from royalty downwards.

When you see a man or woman with a rich, gleaming head of hair—hair that looks strong and healthy, so different from hair "doctored" by chemicals—be sure of this, that that person daily practises for two minutes "Harlene Hair Drill."

"Harlene Hair-Drill" not only grows hair strong and vigorous where previously was little or no growth, *it is the only way to retain your hair's health.*

Unless you wish to murder your hair—but, of course, you do not wish to continue doing so now that you have seen how terrible the effects of neglect are—you must start your "Harlene Hair-Drill" to-day.

It only takes two minutes daily to keep your scalp free from scurfy accumulation and ensure a marvellous growth of hair.

"Harlene Hair-Drill" cures all the following hair and scalp disorders just by two minutes' practice every day:—

—Total Baldness (even of years' standing).
—Partial or Patchy Baldness.
—Thinning of Hair over the temples.
—Thin, weak, straggling Hair.
—Hair which falls out whenever brushed or combed.
—Hair which splits at the ends.
—Dull, dead-looking, lustre-lacking Hair.
—Dry, brittle Hair.
—Greasy, inelastic Hair.
—Deposit of Scurf and Dandruff.
—Discoloured Hair.
—Irritation of the Scalp.

ROYAL HAIR SPECIALIST'S GENEROUS OFFER.

Realising how distressed the readers of *Pearson's Weekly* will be at his appalling discovery, Mr. Edwards has decided to continue for a short time longer the distribution of his valuable Free "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfits.

It is Mr. Edwards' aim and ambition to save these ladies and gentlemen from surely approaching baldness. And therefore he makes this astonishing generous offer.

GENEROUS FREE GIFT TO EVERY READER.

Below there is printed a coupon. Fill it up and send it (with 3d. in stamps to pay postage of return outfit) to the Edwards Harlene Co., 104 High Holborn, London, W.C. In return you will be sent the following free Hair-Growing Toilet Gift. It contains:—

1. A Trial bottle of that delightful hair-food and tonic-dressing, "Harlene for the Hair."

2. A packet of "Cremex" for the Scalp, a delightful Shampoo Powder for home use, which thoroughly cleanses the Scalp from Scurf, and prepares the hair for the "Hair-Drill" treatment.

3. Mr. Edwards' private book of "Hair-Drill" Rules, which shows you how, by practising them for two minutes a day, you can put a stop to the falling or fading of your hair, and restore the latter to luxuriant, healthy and lustrous abundance.

All chemists and stores sell "Harlene-for-the-Hair" in 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. bottles; Cremex in 1s. boxes of 7 shampoos, single shampoos 2d.; or you can obtain them, post free, from the Edwards' Harlene Co., 104 High Holborn, London, W.C.

But first write for the seven days' Free Course of Harlene Hair-Drill. Fill up this Coupon. Post it to-day (with 3d. in stamps to pay carriage of Outfit). By return the complete Triple Toilet Outfit will be yours—to rescue your hair from the perils that are attacking it, and to render it once more attractive, abundant, glossy, bright and full of colour.

This COUPON Entitles You to ONE WEEK'S "HARLENE HAIR-DRILL" OUTFIT FREE.

To the EDWARDS HARLENE CO., 104 High Holborn, London, W.C.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me by return of post a presentation Toilet Outfit for practising "Harlene Hair-Drill," including (1) Free Bottle of "Harlene for the Hair"; (2) Free Packet of "Cremex" Shampoo Powder; (3) "Hair-Drill" Manual of Rules and Instructions for Growing Healthy and Abundant Hair. I enclose 3d. in stamps to pay carriage of above to the following address:—

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

PEARSON'S WEEKLY, March 1, 1913.

"A Volley of Questions"

GETTING BIGGER AND BIGGER.

THERE are going to be one thousand, seven hundred and three happy "Middles" competitors as a result of this week's contest, and I want *you* to be one of that happy band. This is by far the largest number of prizes that we've yet offered in one week in "Middles," and the first prize, £300, is an enormous sum of money for the small task of writing two or three words.

Don't let the opportunity pass, but turn now to the back page facing the red cover and think out a good "Middle" and send it along. You may be £300 the richer for doing so.

FOR FOOTBALL COMPETITORS.

As we have to go to press before the third round of the English Cup is played it is only possible to include three First League matches in this week's football coupon on page 897. All the teams available in the Second and Southern Leagues are included, and also three matches taken from the Birmingham League. For the benefit of competitors, we publish the positions of these six teams, and the number of goals accredited to each up to the time of going to press:

	Pld.	Won	Lost	Dru.	Goals— For	Agst.	Pts.
Wrexham	20	13	5	2	39	21	28
Dudley	20	12	6	2	40	35	26
Shrewsbury Town	23	9	11	3	40	35	21
Willenhall Swifts	22	8	10	4	41	47	20
Darlaston	22	8	13	1	42	59	17
Kidderminster H.	21	5	12	4	24	37	14

GET TALKED ABOUT.

SUPPOSING you wanted to get known and talked about, how would you set about it? This is the question I asked in a recent "Footline" Contest, so if you want to get talked about try one of the following Footliners' methods:—

"Commence a fried fish and chipped potato business in a fashionable neighbourhood."

Ladies—"Join all the mothers' meetings and similar gatherings in your district. Attend for a time in outrageous old-fashioned clothes. Preserve a rigid silence the whole time—*then stop away.*" This method never fails.

For really wide publicity follow a Welsh reader's advice. "Write to about a dozen of the different firms who advertise 'Cure Alls,' telling them they have saved you from an early grave, a bent nose, or re-covered your bald head. When the adverts are published and the posters on the hoardings you will be *famous.*

Another reader says, "Win a big 'Middles' Prize or a 'Free Trip to London.'" This is the publicity that is really worth having—just try it!

"HONEY" DEAR.

IN another "Footline" Contest I asked my spoony young men readers to tell me why they call their sweethearts "Honey."

I knew I had *some* "spoony" readers, but, I really must say your number surprises me.

Space only allows me to give you two of the replies from spoony young men.

Here's one from Scotland:—

"Because a 'spoon' extracts a sweetness that cannot be 'beet.'"

A Yorkshire lad says:—

"Because they 'stick' when they take a fancy to 'adhere' (a dear)."

The result of "Footline" Contests appears on page 906.

SO SIMPLE!

A. M., who won a £10 prize in "Middles" recently, writes to me: "Even with a big cheque and your kind congratulatory letter before me, I can hardly realise that I have won so splendid a prize in so simple a way. No reader of *P.W.* who tries need despair of eventually winning a 'Middles' prize when such an unlikely person as myself—with no pretensions to cleverness—is numbered among the successful competitors."——

It's so simple! That is the whole idea of "Middles"—simplicity. The very easiness of the competition gives everyone an opportunity to win even though, like A. M., they have "no pretensions to cleverness." The list of prizes this week is bigger than ever—£300 first prize and over seventeen hundred others! Send in your attempt *now!*

PICTURE PARS.

"INTERESTED" writes: "Is it necessary for a competitor in your Picture Pars to send a sketch? I know a few good pars, but I cannot sketch."——

I do not expect brilliant drawings from Picture Paragraphers. What I want are paragraphs explained in the simplest language, and the roughest of sketches just to give my artists an idea of the thing. Of course I appreciate a neat sketch, but, being unable to draw need not prevent "INTERESTED" or any other reader sending in Picture Pars. Good ideas rather than good drawings are wanted for Picture Pars.

THE T.F.P. LEAGUE.

MYSTIC, isn't it? Read on and be initiated. T. T. is a member, and he writes: "Now that things are getting busy again with the F.A.F., might I make a suggestion that may possibly be the means of giving a few children an outing? Since the last tax on tobacco many smokers have received a farthing change, the tax amounting to a halfpenny on each ounce. That farthing is mostly tucked away in a vest pocket and forgotten. Now, my suggestion is this: Let everyone who takes an interest in the kiddies say to their smoking friends: 'That Farthing, Please.' In the majority of cases it will be forthcoming. I am starting the scheme myself round here and hope to forward you enough to give a good many children a day's holiday. I am calling my helpers the 'T.F.P.' League.'"——

"Take care of the farthings and the kiddies will have a day to themselves," to parody a well-known proverb, T. T., I think that your idea is an excellent one. Smokers are not the only people who get farthings in change, by the way! Will the ladies remember, the next time they buy a two three-farthing piece of ribbon or "a something and eleven three" blouse, the T.F.P. League? Thirty-six farthings means a day in the country!

> **FROM A "TRIPSHOT" WINNER.**
>
> DEAR SIR,—
>
> Please allow me to thank you most heartily for awarding me a prize in your "Tripshot" Competition. To state that my friend and I are delighted is to express our appreciation in a very mild form. A trip to London, a drive there, and a seat at the International, all free, must surely gladden the heart of the most hard-headed of Scotsmen! JOHN A. DAVIDSON.

A LOVERS' QUARREL.

MORE IN SORROW THAN ANGER is a lady who says: "Although I will try to make my letter short, I am afraid it won't be sweet. My sweetheart and I have had our first quarrel, though we always vowed there shouldn't be a first, and it's all over your article: 'Is Your Girl Fair?' Now, I am fair-haired and blue-eyed, but I deny that I am weak-willed or exacting, as you suggested. My boy believes in *P.W.*, and read the article. We both said awful things—I am afraid I said the worst—and he left, banging the front door with unnecessary violence. Dear Mr. Editor, I should like to pull *your* hair for being the cause of it all! My sweetheart declared that he wouldn't come again, but he's pretty sure to do so when he has cooled a little. His favourite colour is blue. Perhaps if he saw me wearing a blue-bird brooch, and the bird happened to be a dove——"——

Then perhaps he might make peace, eh, MORE IN SORROW THAN ANGER? Well, it shall never be said that I did not do my best to patch up a lovers' quarrel, especially when I have been the unwilling cause of it all! Therefore the blue-bird brooch is on its way to you now.

A QUIET LIFE.

FLATS have their disadvantages as well as their advantages, as RESTFUL has found out. He writes: "I live in a downstairs flat. The man who lives above me is an amateur carpenter, and as soon as he gets home in the evening out come hammers and chisels and saws, and for the next two or three hours he is banging and sawing away, making some new-fangled cupboard or bookshelf. I have spoken to him once or twice about it, but he says he can do as he likes in his own flat. What had I better do?"——

Move, RESTFUL, into an upstairs flat!

RULES FOR FOOTLINE COMPETITIONS.

1. All answers or attempts must be written on postcards, addressed to the Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.
2. You may take part in any number of these footline competitions, but your reply to each must be written on a separate postcard.
3. Each postcard must bear the usual signature of the competitor in ink. Names and addresses may not be typewritten or printed.
4. Each competitor must give his or her real address. Unless this condition is complied with, the competitor forfeits his or her right to a prize.
5. Mark each postcard with the name of the competition for which it is intended in the top left-hand corner. You will find this name in the announcement of the competition in the footline. Provided these conditions are fulfilled all the postcards may be sent in one envelope marked "Postcard" in the top left-hand corner, but each postcard must bear the full name and address of the sender.
6. All attempts must arrive not later than Tuesday, March 4th.
7. Each competition will be judged separately, and the prizes, as announced in the footlines, will be awarded to the efforts considered the best.
8. In the event of ties for a money prize, the prize will be divided, and, where the awards are gifts, the prizes will be awarded at the discretion of the Editor.

This Insurance Scheme covers any person travelling as a passenger in any part of Great Britain or Ireland.

OVER £13,000 ALREADY PAID

We pay any number of claims in respect of each accident—not the first claim only.

£1,000 RAILWAY
£100 RAILWAY
£100 CYCLING
£100 AEROPLANE

INSURANCE.
(For terms see below.)

505 CLAIMS ALREADY PAID,

including three of £2,000 and one of £1,000.

This Insurance holds good for **any number of claims** of **£1,000** each—not for one only. **£1,000** specially guaranteed by THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to whom notices of claim, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address.

£1,000 will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of **any person** killed by an accident in Great Britain or Ireland to the passenger train in which the deceased was **travelling as a passenger** (including post-office servants in railway sorting vans), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum shall be paid to the legal representative of such person injured, should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within seven days of its occurrence.

£100 In the event of a person, not being a railway servant on duty, nor a suicide, nor engaged in an illegal act, having the current number of *Pearson's Weekly* on him, or her, at the time of being killed by a railway accident in the United Kingdom, although not by *an accident to any train in which he, or she, may be travelling as a passenger*, the legal representative of the deceased will receive the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS, whether the coupon be signed or not, provided notice in every case be given to THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., within seven days from the occurrence of the accident.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to the legal representative of any cyclist who meets his death by accident while actually riding a cycle, provided that deceased at the time of such accident had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address within three days of its occurrence. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to the legal representative of anyone dying as the direct and sole result of injuries inflicted upon him (or her) within the United Kingdom by a falling aeroplane, PROVIDED that death occurs within twenty-four hours from the receipt of the injuries, that he (or she) shall prior to the accident have signed this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket in the space provided at the foot, that he (or she) shall not at the time be on the aeroplane nor engaged in aeronautics, and that notice of the accident be given to the Corporation within three days of its occurrence.

The above conditions are of the essence of the contract.

This insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to the conditions of, the "**Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act,**" 1890. Risks Nos. 2 and 3.

The Purchase of this Publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sect. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon-Insurance-Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

Subscribers who have duly paid a twelvemonths' subscription for PEARSON'S WEEKLY in advance to their newsagent, or to the Publisher, need not, during the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or carry the paper on their person. It is only necessary to forward the newsagent's receipt to the publisher of the paper, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and a certificate will be sent in exchange.

Signature .....

Available from 9 a.m. Monday, February 24th, 1913, until midnight, Monday, March 3rd, 1913.

Note.—A prize for each reader whose letter is dealt with on this page or whose suggestion for a title is used.

Now is the time for Boiled Puddings.

Serve them with

Bird's Custard HOT

It makes a rich cream sauce and transforms the plainest pudding into a delightful treat for the children: besides, as all mothers should know, it is so wholesome and nutritious.

Prepare the BIRD'S Custard in the usual way and serve immediately while Hot.

Try also the delicious dish—BIRD'S Creamy Custard Sauce poured over Hot Stewed Prunes.

Always ask for BIRD'S, the PURE Custard.

Jacksons'

world-famous

HATS (all one price) **3/9**

BOOTS (all one price) **10/6**

MACS & RAIN-COATS 21/- & 30/-

The way to get more money — put in more quality. That has always been Jacksons' aim, and to-day you will nowhere else find such good quality in Hats, Boots, and Raincoats as at Jacksons'.

The "just - better" quality has made them famous everywhere.

Ladies' Styles in Boots and Raincoats at the above prices.

Mail Order Dept.—Those unable to visit any of Jacksons' numerous branches should make use of the mail order department. Catalogue of the latest fashions sent on request. Fit and style guaranteed.

JACKSONS' Ltd., Victoria Works, Stockport.

Comfort in walking

You just try — and see! It's so remarkable, the difference Wood-Milne Rubber Heels make, walking to and fro on the hard, unyielding pavements, that the marvel is that any man or woman will go without them.

True, there are plenty of Rubber Heels of a kind; the mischief lies in getting the wrong ones; but there are none so "cushiony," none so resilient, none so enduring, none so truly economical in the wide, wide world as the genuine

Wood-Milne Rubber Heels

WHAT TO ASK FOR—

All Wood-Milnes are reliable, you can depend on that; the Wood-Milne 'Special' is the finest rubber heel on the market.

TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL

Packed Free. Carriage Paid. MEAD

Coventry Flyers.

Warranted 15 Years. Puncture-Resisting or Dunlop Tyres, Speed Gears,

£2-15 to £6-19-6

Won *Cycling's* Century Competition. Shop-soiled Cycles, from 15/-

Write for Free Art Catalogue and *Special Offer.* Rider Agents wanted.

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept., 710 11 Paradise St Liverpool.

WORLD'S RECORD

166,000 MILES,

ON A BIKE SUPPLIED BY ME.

Send for sworn proof of this amazing record. It will show you the "last-for-ever" kind of cycle I sell. I supply HIGH-GRADE CYCLES for £3 10s. cash (*Makers' Price, £6 6s.*). Also BEST QUALITY, FINEST GRADE CYCLES, guaranteed for 12 years, (*Makers' price, £9 9s.*) for only 10/- deposit and 18 monthly instalments of 7/11. Brand new 1913 HUMBER, ROVER, COVENTRY CHALLENGE, QUADRANT, SINGER, PROGRESS, PREMIER, SWIFT, etc., supplied from 5/- monthly. Only a small deposit required before I despatch a machine on ten days' approval. Money returned if not satisfied. Write for Lists. Many Thousands of Testimonials.

EDWD. O'BRIEN, LTD. THE WORLD'S LARGEST CYCLE DEALER (Dept 26) **COVENTRY.**

Treloar's

The leading British house of carpet and general floor covering experts, offer under the registered name of

SEAMLESS LUDCORD CARPETS

the cheapest, reliable, hard-wearing carpets for sitting-room, bedroom, hall, or passages.

A ROOM COMFORTABLY CARPETED FOR 10/6

Write today for free illustrated catalogue, listed sizes and prices, and sample patterns to

TRELOAR & SONS, 68, 69, 70 Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

STUDY THE ADVERTISEMENTS

and when writing to Advertisers mention "Pearson's Weekly."

The man behind the plate

has a good appetite and a sound digestion because he always uses Colman's Mustard.

He who makes a habit of taking Colman's Mustard is laying the foundation of a sound, healthy and vigorous digestion

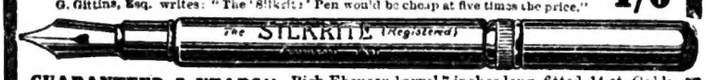
The best mustard of course is—

Colman's D.S.F. Mustard

Take it when you're young—you'll have a better digestion when you're old.

The "SILKRITE" SELF-FILLING Fountain Pen, Post Free, 1/6

G. Gittins, Esq. writes: "The 'Silkrite' Pen would be cheap at five times the price."



GUARANTEED 5 YEARS!! Rich Ebonoen barrel 7 inches long, fitted 14-ct. Gold-plated nib; fills itself in two seconds!

The Countess of Winchelsea encloses P.O. 1/6 for "Silkrite" Pen. M. G. Powell, Esq., writes: "It equals any other make at 10/-." F. W. Hyde, Esq., writes: "Four more 'Silkrites'; like this as well as anything I have tried."

Testimonials and Catalogue, 1,000 Bargains in Jewellery and Novelties, Post Free!

The LEEDS BARGAIN CO. (Dept. 4), 5 Richmond Road, LEEDS.

WIN YOUR SHARE OF OUR £5,000 THIS WEEK.

1st PRIZE	2nd PRIZE	3rd PRIZE
£300	£50	£25

700 PRIZES of 5/-

1,000 CONSOLATION GIFTS

THIS IS WHAT YOU DO.

First of all, choose one of the words or phrases given opposite for "Middles." Then construct a "Middle" of two or three words which shall have some bearing on the chosen word or picture. The first word of your "Middle" must begin with the middle letter in heavy type in the list opposite, and the second and third with any of the letters in the chosen word or phrase used either once or twice, or you may use the middle letter as initial of all three words of your "Middle." For instance, suppose you take the phrase "VERY FUNNY," the centre letter of which is "E." Use this letter as the initial for the first word and, say, "E" for the second and we get "FATHER'S EXCUSES." Or, again, take the word "BRAVO," the centre letter of which is "A." We can use "A" as the initial letter of the other two words and get "ACTORS ALWAYS APPRECIATE."

MAKE "MIDDLES" FROM THESE WORDS.

A BI**T**TER	FAST M**E**SSAGE	MAN'S DEVIATION	SCOTTI**SH** PIPES	VERY **F**UNNY
SIX **D**AYS	LAW C**O**URTS	SIX DEAF A**R**TISTS	WARM W**E**LCOME	TASTY **T**EA
FIS**H**EAD	BANK C**L**ERK	TOO LESS M**A**RRIAGES	YOUNG B**L**OODS	DICE **I**N
LAY **D**AYS	OWES M**O**NEY	SCIENTI**F**IC STAFF	FIRE L**R**IGADE	TRAIN **I**N
AT A**C**HÉ	ASTON I**S**HING	STRIKING **G**UITTERS	CATTY **R**EMARK	ASSI**A**GAIN
NOW L**A**ID	QUITE **E**QUIP	GOLDEN **W**EDDING	TEAM C**H**ANGED	EXPI**O**RER
BE**A**VO	BETR**O**THAL	TOURE**T** MONEY	NAUGHT**Y** GIRL	SOUT**H**
LI**V**E	FIRST C**L**ASS LADY	DIRTY C**O**LLAR	TASKM**A**STERS	FUN**G**

RULES FOR COMPETITORS.

1. All attempts must be forwarded on the coupon printed below, or they will be disqualified.

2. Names and addresses must be written in ink on the prescribed form, or competitors forfeit the right to a prize.

3. When you have filled in the entry form, cut it out, and send it to the Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, Breams Buildings, London, W.C.

4. Sticky or envelope "Middles" will not be taken into account.

5. All letters must be in our hands not later than Monday, March 8th.

6. There are two entry forms, one for those who use the "Middle" coupon, the other for those who use the two entry forms, a postal order for 1s. instead of 6d.

7. Competitors who enter [illegible] must send a postal order for each entry, from the P.O. [illegible] Competitors who send 1s. instead of 6d. must use the two entry forms, and write the number of the P.O. in the space provided for the entry form. When more than one P.O. of higher value is used, competitors must write more than one entry form, the number of the P.O. being written on each entry form.

8. The first prize will be awarded to the sender of the "Middle" which shall be judged best by the Editor, by whose decision all competitors will be taken to have agreed. If there are more than one of a "Middle" the value will be divided by the number of the prizes, to avoid amongst competitors.

9. Other prizes will be awarded to those competitors who send in correct solutions, and the Editor will be the sole judge of the merits of the "Middles" submitted.

10. The Editor will not be responsible for any loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted.

11. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, and to any other which may arise.

12. The published decision of the Editor shall be final, and competitors may enter on this understanding only.

< ..... Cut across here .....

ENTRY FORM, "MIDDLES" NO. 55.

55	WORD SELECTED.	"MIDDLES."
	.....	.....
	.....	.....

I agree to abide by the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly" and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the conditions printed in "Pearson's Weekly."

Signed ..... [No. of P.O. .....

Address .....

If you use the above entry form send a postal order for 6d.; if you use both the one above and the one below send 1/-.

< ..... Cut across here .....

ENTRY FORM, "MIDDLES" NO. 55.

55	WORD SELECTED.	"MIDDLES."
	.....	.....
	.....	.....

I agree to abide by the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly" and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the conditions printed in "Pearson's Weekly."

Signed ..... [No. of P.O. .....

Address .....

RESULT OF "MIDDLES" No. 51.

FIRST PRIZE, £100.

The first prize of £100 has been awarded to

P. R. HIBBERT, Closely, Salisbury Rd., Leigh-on-Sea, for the "Middle"

"ARDENT WOOER" — TAKE A DRINK ASKS.

The second prize of £60 has been awarded to

J. ALEXANDER, 7 Whitham Ave., Crosby, Liverpool, for the "Middle"

"BE LIT" — EXCELLENT OUTLOOK.

The third prize of £10 has been awarded to

J. D. MARKEY, 16th Lancers, Curragh Camp, Ireland, for the "Middle"

"TAKE A CHANCE" — SEEM MORE CLEARLY.

Five prizes of £20 each have been awarded to

A. T. COLEMAN, 24 Mill Road, Bury St. Edmunds, for the "Middle"

"HERSAY" — REPORTED, REPEATED, REPEATED.

A. H. SMITH, 24 Stanley Road, Sheffield, for the "Middle"

"HERSAY" — REPEATED SOMETIMES REPEATERS.

JOHN CUNNINGHAM, 102 Hozier Street, Partick, Glasgow, for the "Middle"

"CHAMPIONS" — CHALLENGE TO THE PENNS.

JOHN CAMPBELL, 3 Lennox St., Renton, N.B., for the "Middle"

"COACH" — TRAVELLING [illegible]

H. LEVY, 30 Smith Street, Ayr, Scotland, for the "Middle"

"[illegible]"

Prizes of £5 each have been awarded to

Miss ELEANOR LITTLEWOOD, 2 Beaumonte Road, Boston, Lincolnshire.

Miss A. DOBSON, 2 Tyne Street, Hebburn-on-Tyne.

PRIZES OF 10s. EACH.

[illegible]

PRIZES OF 5s. EACH.

[illegible]

(Remainder of names omitted owing to lack of space. A complete list can, however, be seen at the offices of "Pearson's Weekly."

Printed by Horace Cox, Bream's Buildings, E.C., and Published by A. Pearson, Limited, at Pearson's Weekly, Bream's Buildings, Fetter Street, London, W.C.

TEST OUR SKILL

FREE! NO WIN, NO PAY!

The Competitors' Mutual Society

Has a reputation to be proud of. Over **2,000 Premier Prizes,** and a total of **17,113** reported by members during 1912; 73 per cent. of 3 months and upward members won, and we **prove** our assertions in the "Prize-Winners' Chronicle," sent free.

... the services of **CLEVER COMPETI-... EXPERTS,** all of proved ability and First-...ners. It is the cleverest staff that has ever ...gether in the history of Competitions, and ...d we have **A RESIDENT EXPERT** ...ceipt of **£200 a year.** We pay our staff ...can afford to, our wins are so many and our ...ns big. The efforts we send out are the ... BRILLIANT BRAINS CAN EVOLVE!

Finals, Heads or Tails, Sallies, Middles, Bullets, Triangles, etc., evolved by our Staff are first criticised, and unless having a Winning Chance are not sent out. Every day of the week we receive spontaneous letters of thanks from delighted winners.

...TATION WITHOUT BLEMISH BEATS BOUNCE!

LOOK AT -	£350	WON ONCE
THESE - -	£300	WON FOUR TIMES.
WINS - - -	£250	WON TEN TIMES.
	£100	WON THIRTEEN TIMES.
	£5 to £50	won Hundreds of Times.

...member has won over 100 prizes, another 39, scores over 12.

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P.W. March 1, 1913.

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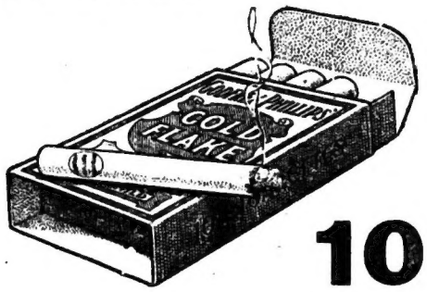

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